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HOUSEKEEPER.

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For a couple of years he had turned his back on society and devoted himself to business.

The little time he had spent at home was generally in his own room and, from its windows he could not only see his own lovely garden but the humble home of his tenant, Mr. Skittles. It was a pretty picture that often met his eyes;—this daintily beautiful girl, as modest as she was beautiful, tripping about the kitchen, carrying dishes from the sink to the pantry; or, on baking days with bib apron and sleeves rolled up, cooking as deftly as her mother. Prettier still was it to see her helping her father in the garden, for then she seemed the happiest, and her light laugh rang out as joyously as a bird's song.

Mr. Mellis's proposal, however, was almost as unexpected to himself as it was to Dottie. A sudden impulse prompted him to say what he did, but it was an impulse seconded by sober afterthought. "I should have spoken to her father first," he reflected, and made the amiable honorable by writing a most respectful request to Mr. Skittles that he would favorably consider him as a suitor for his daughter's hand. As we have seen, Mr. Skittles was willing to forget his own comfort for the sake of his daughter's good, but Mrs. Skittles, though secretly flattered that their handmaid admired Dottie, could not bring her mind for an instant to think of giving up her daughter, and Dottie was in such subjection to her mother's will that she did not presume to question it.

The result was that Mrs. Skittles carried the day. She persuaded her husband that Dottie was distressed and alarmed at the idea of marrying anybody.

Mr. Mellis received a respectful letter from Mr. Skittles conveying the reply that his daughter was yet too much of a child to know her own mind and that both she and her mother did not favor the marriage.

"I kinder hated to send that letter, Dottie," he remarked, the evening after the decisive missive had been forwarded. "I don't never want to get red of you Dottie, as far as that goes, but Mr. Mellis is a fine man, and one of these days, if you and he make it up, I am not the one to say no. You can't keep your father and mother always with you, my child."

Dottie, distressed now beyond measure, fled from the table to her own little chamber. She glanced out upon the "enchanted castle," but the sight only gave her pain. She seemed forever shut out from the right to admire and enjoy the beautiful flowers and terraced slopes again.

In a few days, Mr. Skittles received a brief business note from Mr. Mellis announcing that he was about to leave town to travel abroad for an indefinite absence and that Mr. Skittles could hand the rent money to his agent, giving the address. Mr. Mellis closed with a regret that his late proposal had been unwelcome and trusted that Mr. Skittles' daughter would ultimately gain the happiness in life she deserved.

The mansion in sight of the Skittles's windows was closed within a week. Beggar boys stole the pears and grapes and trampled down the rare flowers with no one to molest unless a policeman chanced to be in sight. And no tidings of their landlord came to the family in the house on the back street.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.]

ONE PICTURE.

BY MARGARET R. DARVEY.

When I think of it, I believe it was—who said, when asked why he was building a pigeon house, as he had no pigeons, "Build the pigeon house, and the pigeons will come." I first heard this little—shall I call so slight a thing an incident? from my dear old teacher of painting, when I was a struggling art student. He quoted Franklin's saying, then adapted it as follows: "Have a portfolio and the pictures will come." In other words, begin and make a collection of prints, engravings, and so forth, even if you have nothing to begin with. I was struck with my teacher's advice, and began at once, as soon as I reached home, after leaving the studio, that day.

Quite in school-girl style was the manner in which I began my collection. I threw down my paint-box, caring little whether it crushed the crown of my hat, or not; rushed immediately to the piano, dragged out from under a pile of music-books a worn and dingy holder, long doomed to certain old songs and waltzes, upon yellow, dog-eared sheets, which had been thrown aside when none of us cared for them. The edges of the despoiled music-holder were so frayed out that the boards showed; the once glittering, German-text letters spelling "Music," had turned to a dark, brassy tint—but this was to be my "pigeon house," my portfolio, for the projected art collection. I dusted it off, still in school-girl fashion, by two rapid sweeps of three fingers, then carried it upstairs, hung it down upon the bed in a mode calculated sedulously to endanger the integrity of its back; and then proceeded to—hunt pigeons!

I pulled upon the little top-drawer, which had once held my paper-dolls; later, my school-girl love-letters—for, though I began my collection in school-girl style, I had ceased to be a real school-girl some time before—that is, a school-girl who writes love-letters to other girls. They all do it—I did, too. We all vow undying devotion to some Lillie or Katie, pledging ourselves never to forsake each other, for the sake of any man—until some man steps between, and one of us is left in the lurch, either to remain a bitter, young old maid, until another man comes to console us, or we take up with another Lillie or Katie, to be disappointed in love a second time. I had been disappointed twice. But, for a long time I had kept Lillie's letters in one corner of the drawer, and Katie's in the opposite corner, and shed over them both the regulation amount of sentimental, salt tears. The two piles of letters were just as alike as two peas, both externally and internally—they all affect dainty note-paper, and write exactly the same kind of moonshine, you know—except that one pile was tied with old-gold ribbon, the other, with Nile-green. Now, if I were writing a novel, you see, I would have had my colors correct—pink and blue, to signify love and truth. But, all this wasn't so very long ago—the tints in fashion gave me a good chance to express my spite. Lillie's meant fickleness, green meant forsaken—what difference did it make that fashion had rechristened certain shades of yellow and green? Of course, I would have been lovely and true—but they were fickle and had forsaken me—the ribbons around their letters should express their shortcomings, not mine.

Isn't it, even yet, very long since old-gold and Nile-green were at the height of fashion? They were just at the height when I tied up the letters. I don't know by time, it is not literally years since I happened upon my dear, so to speak, old Lillie and Katie. It seemed a great, a very long while, when I opened that little top-drawer and found a few imprisoned pigeons.

fly out. For I had, I thought, cast both of these fair, false ones, out of my mind forever; I had ceased to think of their letters, had forgotten whether they still existed or not—I only remembered that in that drawer, piled upon a heterogeneous collection of odds and ends, were two or three wood engravings, which I wished to secure at once.

Now, although I was an art student—as I still am—do not imagine that I really knew what art was. I was only feeling my way—I did not consider myself a competent judge of any picture. But the very first engraving at which I glanced struck me as something remarkable. It was not a pleasant subject—only a poorly dressed woman, with a child, standing upon a wharf, gazing out over the water before her. Whether it was a production of merit or not, I was unable to say—but that picture fascinated me. Had the woman any great sorrow for which she could find no relief? Was she tempted to suicide, or to drown her child, rather than that they both should die, by slow, agonizing starvation? Was she anxiously looking for her husband home from a perilous voyage? To none of these questions could I find any satisfactory answer—the expression upon her face, intense as it was, might have given the key to one more experienced in art, or even in human nature,—but it only puzzled me. The sole decision which I reached was, I will put it in my portfolio.

Beneath this, in the drawer, had lain two little wood cuts, which I now drew out, and placed in the portfolio also, but without giving them any examination. The first picture had impressed me so, that I scarce wanted to see a second—impressed me, too, in a way which I could not analyze. I picked out, mechanically, empty cologne bottles, half worn pencils, broken brushes, things that ought to have been disposed of long ago,—and here still were Lillie's and Katie's letters. How untidy I have been, thought I. This drawer hasn't been cleaned for a year—I had forgotten all about these letters. I'll put the ribbons in my crazy quilt, and throw the letters in the fire! So saying, I picked up both piles, and mercilessly started toward the stairs.

But a softer feeling took possession of me. I did really love both Lillie and Katie once—I was perfectly sincere. "Do them the justice to believe that they may have been, too," whispered my good angel, "You know very well that if Albert asked you to marry him, you would say yes, no matter how much you cared for either Lillie or Katie. At least, read what they said to you—remember what they were to you—before you burn their letters." So, when I reached the head of the stairs, I sat down upon the top step, and opened a letter at random—it happened to be the last that Katie had ever written to me.

How well I remembered the stab which that letter had sent through my twice-deceived heart! Yes, I knew—she was going to be married—I had told her to go on in her wayward career, but henceforth I wanted nothing to do with her—nothing!—she had failed me, just as Lillie had done before her. I remembered—no, this I did not remember! She mentions the name of Albert Marston—my Albert! Why, what did she know of him? She had never mentioned him before, had she?

"Albert Marston," Katie wrote, "I am in love with him. He is a splendid fellow"—Katie, I believe I do like you, even yet! "and the girl that gets him will get a prize." (I know it.) "He and Jack traveled in the West together, and then came here to the city, to visit us. Jack wants me to go back to Colorado with him, but Albert is going to stay here, permanently." To stay here permanently! Because he had come to visit Katie! And, only for this, I might never have met him! Suppose now, after telling Katie I wanted nothing more to do with her, I became her aunt! Oh, Katie, Katie, perhaps you have given me my life's happiness! Or, course I love you—just as much as ever I did! Burn your letters! No, indeed! Never, as long as I live!

After this, surely I can find charity for Lillie! Let me see. I said that they both wrote alike, but they didn't when you came down to the points. They both professed undying devotion—but Lillie was older than Katie, far more imaginative, far more poetic. She rambled on sometimes in a manner that would strike a very practical person as rather nonsensical. For instance, the following from the first letter that I opened:

"My heart's twin, Dora: Do you know that Dora is interpreted to mean gift, literally, the gift of God? No, I do not agree with this interpretation. Dora is allied to dare, and it means gilded. It is, in your case, particularly appropriate, for you are my idol—gilded in the eyes of the world, but to me, knowing your precious worth, my golden idol. Only to you, my idol, would I reveal the secret thoughts of my inmost heart. My latest secret is a vision of the night. I slept and methought I beheld a woman standing upon a wharf, with a child—a poorly dressed woman gazing away into eternity. This may seem to you a small thing—but to me, momentous beyond compare. That vision is my heart's one secret—for I feel that my life is that woman's—that I, too, shall stand desolate and gaze into eternity."

Why did I not laugh at this mixture of bombast and commonplace? Why did I not say, as almost any one else would have done, that the whole passage was a bundle of affectation? Because, in spite of myself, I recognized its sincerity—I felt that her vision really was prophetic—she lauded me extravagantly because she felt that it was an effort to tell such a vision to any friend, however trusted. An hour before, I might have laughed—I remembered that, though I knew Lillie's poetic whims so well, I had smiled when I first read the passage, five years before. But now, in a singular, awe-struck voice, I exclaimed, "The picture!" Instantly I realized that I knew all of Lillie's life since her marriage—or thought I did. I had never seen her, nor heard a word, for five whole years—but, Lillie, my dearest idol, was in distress. How could I find her and help her? That was the question. But, just then, I could think of nothing better to do than to clear out the little top-drawer, and return the letters to their places; then, to go downstairs, put the disarranged music in order, and in my "collection" upon a table where it could be seen, if not admired.

Seen, it was, before many hours had passed.

"Is that an art collection?" asked Albert, quizzically, as he half opened the old portfolio.

"No," I answered, "it's a pigeon-house."

"Do what?" he queried, not catching my drift.

"Do you call this a pigeon?" he continued, picking up one of the letters.

ling a circumstance—then remarked, "I've seen this before."

"The picture?" I inquired.

"No—the scene itself. I was walking along the wharves about two years ago, when I suddenly came upon a woman and child, in exactly the same attitude—the dresses, the faces were the same. Perhaps I never should have thought of them again, but, instantly, I noticed a richly dressed lady standing only a few steps in front of me. She had a book and pencil, and seemed to be sketching the figures. I do not think she had time to notice the surroundings—the figures, themselves, seemed to hold her attention. There is to me something remarkable about this picture—I cannot say what—but I would scarcely be afraid to say that it was taken from that lady's sketch. Where did you get it?" Albert turned to me as though he felt a deep interest in the engraving—way, I could not tell.

"I don't know," I replied, hesitatingly. "Oh, yes—now I remember. It was sent to me by mail a few months ago. I could not imagine where it came from, concluded that it was some sort of an advertisement, and laid it aside."

"I am curious to know," continued Albert, "because I particularly observed the lady. She seemed filled with a wonderful enthusiasm, which I thought rather strange, as there was, to me, so little in the subject of which an ideal picture could be made. The woman was gazing out over the water—but, from the lady's face, I should say that she imagined her model gazing out into eternity."

"Gazing out into eternity!" Who can tell by what occult influences human souls are bound together? Albert was using the very words that Lillie had used before him.

"Perhaps she was?" I cried, impulsively. "The woman was Lillie?"

"Lillie! who?"

"A school friend of mine. Two years ago, you say! Oh, how can I ever find her?"

Albert's eyes brightened. "You do care for your school-friends, then?" he asked.

"Yes—always!" I exclaimed, decidedly.

"I thought so," he remarked. "Then you would like to see another school friend, my niece, Katie Sanford that was?"

"See her! I should be delighted! Is she here?"

"Yes—she came to the city yesterday, and asked for you immediately. She would like very much to see you, but she says you said, after she married, that you never wanted to have anything to do with her again. I told her that it was only school-girl talk—that that needn't keep her away from you—but she still felt afraid, and does not want to come until she is sure that you care to see her."

"How silly I was! Bring her around to-morrow—promise, now?" And, in talking to Albert about Katie, is it any wonder that I forgot all about Lillie and the picture?

Nor did I think of either again, until the following afternoon—when, after anticipations, and explanations and kisses and embraces galore, Katie and I were sworn allies again. Then she, too, spied my "pigeon-house"—got out my particular pigeon, the picture. I began to think it was a picture bewitched—for she, also, started in surprise.

"I can't remember this last year in Denver!" she exclaimed, in a burst of spontaneous, almost next development would be.

"Certainly I am," replied Katie. "It was on exhibition a long time, and attracted a great deal of attention. It was admired very much, but the title was criticised. It was called 'The Unattained.' People said the title did not express the subject, or else the subject did not express the title. The painting was the work of a lady who had great genius, but who never succeeded in finishing any pictures but this one—so it was said. She was not satisfied with this, and said she never would attempt another—the general public did not know who she was, for she exhibited it under a fictitious name."

"Oh, if I could find her!" I cried, despairingly.

"She could tell me where Lillie is, or was."

"If we" asked Albert. "Is it probable that she knows any more than I do—if Lillie is the original of the woman in the picture as you seem to think?"

"Of course Lillie is," I declared. "She dreamed of just such a picture—and it would be her life—I can show you her letter." And, in another minute, I had placed Lillie's letter in Albert's hands.

He read it aloud, carefully, thoughtfully—then made a statement which fairly took my breath, and Katie's too.

"What?" I exclaimed, in wonder.

"Yes, she is," pursued Albert, "the letter is just what I might expect from the lady whose face I saw, were she only a little younger—the pure enthusiasm reaching out vainly after the ideal. To her, the poorly dressed woman and child only typified an imperfect humanity—the woman's gazing out over the water was only imperfect humanity's effort to fathom the infinite. Katie's account corroborates this—people did not understand the meaning of Lillie's picture because it was too realistic for what she meant to express—she did not fully succeed in expressing it."

"But I thought she must be in distress," I murmured.

"Can you conceive of any greater distress than living a lifetime, with your highest ideal unattained?" asked Albert, with a rap look in his eyes.

"Oh, Dora!" suddenly exclaimed Katie, pitiously. "She lost her ideal of friendship when she lost you—I know it by my own feelings, although mine were not Lillie's—she was my superior. She sent you the picture—an engraving from her painting. She thought you would understand—I know she never forgot the letter in which she said you that that one vision would be her whole life. It was—she tried to work it out in a picture."

A solemn silence fell over us all. Tears in my eyes would have been a relief, but they refused to come. Had I, indeed, misunderstood a true friend, a friend of whom I was not worthy, and added so much as one straw to the aggregate of human woe? Had I, in ever so small a degree, intensified the hunger of one human heart? If Katie feared to meet me—light, vivacious Katie—after my foolish spurning of her friendship—how must intense, dreamy Lillie have felt, particularly if I had never acknowledged the receipt of the engraving from her life work, her one picture! Is it, then, so easy to wound a fellow creature? What but God

Yes—it was really true, as I found next day. Lillie had been living in Philadelphia for nearly a year. She had wandered about, ever since her marriage—seeking the unattainable, perhaps—but now she had settled down into a lovely, beautiful home of her own. It was even so—she had sent me the picture as a means of feeling her way back into my friendship—but, as I had never noticed it, she had given up all thought of winning me, being far too sensitive to make a second attempt.

I knew very well that it was her home before I had seen her, even, just as soon as I was ushered into the artistically decorated parlor. For there, upon a massive easel, stood the picture—a wonderful painting. My first thought was, how far the engraving falls short of the original! I think she has succeeded in expressing what she intended—humanity's effort to reach the infinite. The picture is not so much of a failure as she thought.

Lillie! My old, school friend, Lillie, indeed, it was. But with a new light in her face, an added dignity to her bearing, an air of perfect happiness about her, such as I had never before seen. No need for my fearing to meet her—had I ever wounded her, even unwittingly, that wound had long since healed. She was my Lillie again, and more. I had expected to find her in distress, but if distress had ever been her portion, that time was past.

We spoke of old days, then of our long separation, and then of the picture. To my surprise, she laughed merrily at my first allusion to it.

"Yes," she said, "I did build great hopes upon that picture. It represented my thoughts, my dreams, my struggles, for years—when I finished it, I believed my art life ended, and comparative failure was all I could hope for. But now I know that I am capable of much better work. Come upstairs and see my new picture."

She led me to a second-story room, evidently hothouse and studio in one. I only had time to notice that it was radiant with flowers and pictures, and flooded with golden sunshine, before she pulled aside a curtain, and there, nestled among pink satin and snowy swan's-down lay—a baby!

I was too much surprised to speak, at first—then I laughed, and asked, "Is this the picture?"

"Isn't she a picture!" queried Lillie, half indignantly. "What could be a sweeter picture than a sleeping baby? Look at her shell-tinted cheek, her dark curls falling over her white forehead, her tiny waxen hands on the pillow. You should see her lovely dark eyes. Isn't that a better picture than the one in the parlor?"

"Because you have this baby, you are never going to paint any more!" I queried, a little bitterly.

"No," answered Lillie, "I don't say that—I still paint a little, as you can see, if you look around you. But I do say that I have outgrown a great deal of my school-girl sentimentalism—I do not believe in the 'unattained,' as I once did. We can, sooner or later, attain just as much as we are capable of appreciating—it is so in this world, and my faith tells me, it will be so in the next."

"And you have attained a baby?" I remarked, crisply.

Such a solemn, earnest look as I saw upon Lillie's countenance—how can I describe it?

"The baby is one of my life's treasures, in whom I have more than one. But with the baby, came to me a higher ideal of beauty, of perfection, than any I had before possessed—but not an unattainable one. I feel now that the time may come when I can paint a picture. I have great hopes for the future—meanwhile, I call the baby my picture."

I ought to have understood Lillie then—but I didn't. For all I was almost engaged to Albert, for all I had forgiven Katie and Lillie, too, for jilting me—for all, after losing Lillie, I had consoled myself with a second love, Katie—I realized that I had not quite recovered from my old maidishness of five years before, when Lillie first left me—the bitterest old maid in the world is one of seventeen. As I walked home from Lillie's house, I felt that old-maidishness springing up again—I had expected to find my aftertime sentimental friend still melancholy because I had mortally offended her—but now I found her quite a comfortable looking, rational woman, only doing one ridiculous thing, and that was, gazing over an absurd little baby! Truly, Lillie had disappointed me a second time.

But, as I walked home, I suddenly began to realize that it was later than I had supposed, and that the beautiful afternoon was waning. Gazing up the street, at the vanishing point before me, I saw that the whole sky, so far as it could be seen for the solid brick houses, was aflame with crimson and purple and gold. "What a glorious sunset!" I exclaimed, involuntarily. And then the thought came to me—I am an art student; is it too soon for me to aspire to paint that sunset? Quick as a flash, followed a second thought—I understand Lillie now—I have attained an ideal—I have seen my highest conception of color. Lillie and the baby shall form part of my great picture.

It is true to-day as ever it was that no human being liveth to himself alone. All human lives are bound together by invisible but none the less real chains. This is how Lillie's picture created mine—although she once thought it comparative failure, it was, in fact, complete success, inasmuch as it helped other lives—Katie's, Albert's, and mine, as well as her own. Renewing of friendships is a good thing—aspiration towards nobler lives is a great thing—and that these may, in some degree, affect eternity, is a solemn thing. And, if you, my reader, say it was only a picture, after all, that simply proves how little you understand life, and how unacquainted you are to looking beneath the surface of our everyday lives.

Did I think this before I told you? Yes, indeed—felt ashamed of myself that, after I had found Lillie, and rejoiced that she was happy, I had again misunderstood her. Thought it all out on my way home, and then, in my mind, perfected my picture.

The picture is not yet complete. But this is what it will be. A quietly woman in black velvet, with Lillie's face, wearing the rapt expression which I have so often seen—but this time, the rapture shall be that of perfect happiness. In her arms shall be her baby, with that baby's shell-like cheek, dark hair and eyes, and waxen hands. Lillie shall be gazing upon that gorgeous sunset which I saw—I only saw such a sunset once—and the title of the picture shall be, "The Attained."

And as I think now, and you want your own conscience when your present and future are to mention what you have done, and what you will do.



SYMPATHY FOR OUR DARLINGS.

Mrs. M. McO. touches the right key-note when she asks for letters of advice in regard to family government. Surely this is the most important theme for young mothers to contemplate; and elder "mothers in Israel" should come often and give advice from their "storehouse of wisdom," as knowledge gained by experience, though hard, is ever the most reliable. Some writers contend that children need a "judicious letting alone." But did not that wisest of writers say: "A child left to himself brings his mother to shame?" I know many mothers that allow their children—in their own sweet will—to roam the streets from morning until evening; and such children! Well, they indeed verify Solomon. Other parents, perhaps, keep too strict surveillance over their offspring. Now in this regard, if we avoid Scylla, are we not in danger of Charybdis? We are, I think, prone to expect too much of children, in the way of goodness; as if they were of a different order of beings than ourselves. So pained are we at manifestations from them, which mature men and women, often exhibit. In our anxiety we would have them perfect, and groan in spirit, thinking they are so very bad, when we view their naughtiness. Discover mayhap, a tell-tale line upon their lips. We punish, feeling the while so discouraged. Then, perchance, our mind's eye glances back, as it were but yesterday, recalling the time that we told that lie, played truant, or acted naughty generally; and hope revives. Why, indeed, should we expect perfection in our offspring, since we, ourselves, are so very imperfect? Apropos of this, my little six-year old having gained something that he had for some time been pleading for, said: "Mamma, what shall I give you to pay for this?" "Oh, be a good boy; that's all I ask," I replied. "I will, I will," said he. "I'll be good all day to-day, and all day to-morrow." "Why not be good always?" asked I. He hung his head, saying: "I can't promise that, mamma. I might be bad." I looked at him reproachfully, and he continued: "Well, mamma, nobody's good always." Then such an earnest, grave expression passed over his face as he added: "Sometimes you naughty, and you don't know it." Ah, could I do other than laugh at his little truism, so quaintly expressed? Yes, indeed. We "children of a larger growth" are often naughty when we don't know, or realize the fact; but of ten, when we do know and feel condemned for it. Like Paul, we find evil painfully omnipresent, when we would do, or be good. This being the case, ought we not then to have more sympathy for our darlings, when they commit their childish transgressions? Once, at the point of punishing my little boy for making mud pies, I desisted, for I saw myself, a little, mud-be-spattered girl, happy, oh, so happy! fashioning mud pies. So I put aside the switch for the pencil, and wrote the following lines:

MUD PIES.

"My child, my child, where have you been?
Just see your mud-be-spattered clothes!
You're covered o'er with filthy dirt
From crown of head, down to your toes.
That suit was clean this very morn,
My patience now is worn out quite;
Were I to get a whip, and use,
I'm sure I'd serve you right—just right!"

"Don't whip me, mamma, 'twas such fun!
Me, hon-hoo and Kitty Keyes,
We're in the lane, behind the house,
Just making lots of soft mud pies.
I never thought of my clean suit—
How did the mud get up on me!
I only mixed it with my hands;
I'm just as sorry 'a I can be."

Yes, mother, stay the chast'ning rod,
For naughtier act, and graver sin,
Be patient with each little fault,
Their lasting love and trust to win.
Look backward on your childhood's days—
Alas! how fast, how fast time flies!
And see when 'twas your great delight
To manufacture "soft mud pies."

Dear mothers, do not these poor verses apply to other little traits, or desires, that are strikingly natural, if not hereditary? What is the best plan to pursue with a peevish, teasing child? One whose constant cry is: "Can't I do this, or that?" "Can't I go here, or there?" etc. Are not children of a nervous temperament born teasers? One more query and I am done: How old should a boy be before he is let loose from mothers "apron strings?"

FANNIE FANSHAW

OWENSBORO, KY.

DEAR JOURNAL SISTERS:—Can any of you tell me how to make my little boy's cloth dresses and aprons, particularly for the coming fall and winter. He is learning to walk, and I thought what he wears now will not be suitable for him then. I am very ignorant, as this is my first experience with little folks, and any hints will be, as they always have been, very gladly received. Will pay postage or any other charges for patterns. With my sincere wishes for the success of this paper I remain Very respectfully,

A. F. CASTLEN.

Cherish the babies' bright sayings, write them down if you will, but don't let the child believe that wisdom is to die with it.

LETTERS TO PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

Inexpensive Infants' Wardrobe.

I read somewhere the other day that a very modest outfit could be had for forty dollars. Now to many readers of this paper that sum of money for this purpose is truly appalling, and this article is especially written for persons in modest circumstances. Nine cambric slips, two robe dresses and four nightgowns are sufficient for any baby. The best physicians in Europe and America advise the length of dresses not to exceed three-fourths of a yard. Heavily trimmed long skirts injure the infants' spine and limbs.

The most sensible clothing I ever saw did away with shirts and skirts. Besides diaper and band there were two slips. The inner one was of the finest Shaker flannel, the seams to the waist all bound with white ribbon. It was buttoned from the throat down with small pearl-agate buttons. A pretty shell trimming was crocheted around the bottom with white Saxony, and a vine of double herring-bone and point russe worked above it and up the fronts with linen floss. Four of these slips are sufficient. If the wide flannel is used three-fourths of a yard will cut one if the goods be reversed. This flannel is very pretty, and shawls can be made of it. Three or four rows of shells make a handsome finish. A square of the goods makes the shawl. Three pinning blankets may be of the same or a coarser quality. The finest sells from fifty to sixty cents per yard, and only the finest should be used for the slips. The pinning blankets should be twenty-four inches long, with a band five inches deep, and eighteen to twenty inches long. The skirt should be only the width of the flannel, made open and hemmed on three sides. The outer slip is of cambric, at ten cents per yard. It has some groups of tucks each side of the fronts, and is closed with the smallest pearl-agate buttons. A narrow soft linen edge is around the neck and sleeves, and the bottom may have a three-inch hem or be trimmed with cheap Hamburg.

To dress a baby the cambric slip should be put on over the flannel one before the child is taken up, and should be put to warm even in hot weather, then as the child is washed the soiled clothes are pulled off and the fresh ones put on by simply putting the arms through both pairs of sleeves at once. There is none of the troublesome turnings and fussings that occur when the old-fashioned shirt and two petticoats, besides pinning blanket and dress were used. Still, if any one prefers the old-fashioned way, there will be required half-a-dozen shirts. If the child be born in warm weather cambric is advisable to use; linen chills the flesh, and knit shirts of zephyr or Saxony are apt to irritate the delicate skin. A yard and a fourth will make six, which should not be trimmed with anything harsher than a soft linen edge. Three flannel petticoats are enough—Shaker flannel is advisable as it does not shrink. Linen floss is preferable to silk as the latter turns yellow in washing; Saxony makes pretty edging and does not shrink. Five white skirts are sufficient—and right here let me say that it is very foolish for a young mother to shorten baby's skirts—new ones cost very little beside the trouble of making them, and it is always safe to lay away all good articles of baby's wear. If another does not come to need them, when the baby grows up he or she will take pleasure in having the first clothes. In cutting baby's slips select a good pattern with large armholes and sleeves—babies sometimes grow so fast—and the neck should have a small hem with a narrow tape run in it to draw it up to fit a small neck, and let it out, if necessary, to fit a large one. Torcher lace trims infants' clothing pretty, and is easily done up. Socks should be provided for every baby. Just now they are selling very low. I saw a lot of beautiful to-day marked ten cents per pair. It is best to get four pairs, all alike if possible, as very often one will need changing and the other not. Little crochet socks are useful, and can be bought about as cheap as the yarn. I have seen a box marked twenty-five cents. Caps can be made at home. Oriental lace wide enough for the front can be had at seventeen cents per yard. It is advisable to get point lace purring and sew around the scallops so as to wash well. Three-fourths of a yard is a large pattern for crown and all. It should be lined with thin silk or silesia. Thirty-six diapers are not too many. I prefer the best cotton flannel, a yard wide, cut into squares, and then diagonally. Too great a bulk makes a child bow-legged. I use rubber diaper drawers, made at home; half a yard of wide rubber will make two pairs. The wide rubber costs \$1.25 per yard. I have the pattern of them and of the slips, and will send them to any one sending me ten cent stamps. I will also state that I cannot answer private letters unless they contain five two-cent stamps. I am forced to do this. Last year I answered nearly five hundred letters of inquiry free of charge, and it became a great burden.

HELPER.

BOX 61, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

PHILA., August 5, 85.

EDITRESS OF LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—After reading in your August number of the desire of Mrs. McO. for something to help her little three-year-old child, whose papa is opposed to the use of drugs, I thought it would be well to give not only to her but to many other mothers the recipe of my great-grandmother for worms (truly an old woman's remedy I hear you say) but so simple yet so powerful and sure is it, that for near a century it has been the only vermifuge used in our family.

Take a large black radish, grate skin and all together, straining the juice through a cloth; give the child a large spoonful upon an empty stomach and watch for the result. I feel sure it will surprise any who uses it. My own sister when a little child was thrown into violent spasms by worms and was entirely cured by this remedy, and I have never known it to fail; the dose can be repeated until satisfied that there are no longer any worms to destroy. Many persons take a large black radish and hollow out the interior filling it with brown sugar, and if left to stand for a few days is said to be one of the best remedies for whooping cough ever used. I have never tried it myself, so cannot say, but the worm medicine I know all about and can recommend. Hoping this may meet with approval.

Yours truly,

M. H. W.

I wonder if the mothers of the L. H. J. know that elderberry blossoms gathered and dried make a nice tea for convalescents. I give it at night, about two tablespoonfuls of the blossoms steeped in a little water; cold water is better to put on herbs than boiling, and just let them come to a boil.

GUS'S WIFE.

STORIES FOR GIRLS.

A "Lark."

ANABEL C. ANDREWS.

When her father—at the close of the interview which she would never forget—asked if those mysterious packages were from one of her correspondents, she thought she would almost rather die than be obliged to answer "yes" and see the look of scorn on his face. It was followed immediately by a troubled one, however, and crossing the room to where Sadie sat, a miserable heap in the "sleepy hollow," Mr. Brennan laid his hand gently on her head and said: "This is much worse than I expected, Sadie, and I fear your punishment will be very severe. I will shield you all I can; but I must work in the dark, for a time at least, and there are so many ways the fellow can take to make himself obnoxious. If I can keep the affair out of the papers I shall be only too thankful."

"O papa—surely you can't apprehend anything as serious as that!"

In a grave voice Mr. Brennan replied "I must take some means to make that fellow stop his presents and letters; and in the inquiries which I must make it is more than probable that in spite of every precaution the affair will come to the knowledge of some reporter."

Sadie grew so white that her father was frightened; he placed her quietly back in the chair from which she had risen and said sorrowfully, "I would spare you if I could my proud darling, but I fear it is impossible."

"Shall you tell mamma—oh, don't!"

"I must. In all the years of our married life we have had no secrets from each other, and I can't begin now. You'd better go to your own room, daughter, and your mother will see that no one disturbs you. I hope that this will be a lesson which will never need repetition."

"O, father! As if I could ever forget it; but truly I didn't see the slightest harm!"—and Sadie laid her head on her father's shoulder, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"No, I feel sure you didn't mean to do wrong; but when there is anything you hesitate to tell the truest friends you have on earth, steer clear of it, for it bodes no good."

All that day Sadie kept her room, suffering with a nervous headache, and no one saw her but her mother.

Mr. Brennan went to see Mr. Hammond, Mabel's father; but all Sadie ever knew of the interview was told by the following note from Mabel, which Mr. Brennan brought with him on his return:

"If we had never been so reckless. Oh Sadie, my punishment is greater than I can bear! Don't ask me anything at school next Monday; if you do I shall break down. I'll tell you when I can."

Monday, both girls were reproved by their teacher for intonation and failure in recitations. This was an unheard-of thing, and, as they were walking home Mabel said: "I feel so disgraced I can't tell you—it seems as though every one knew our secret and it seemed right and fitting that we should be reproved."

Sadie had spoken a word or two in reply, when a freshly dressed fellow stepped out from a restaurant and placed himself directly in the girls' path. He lifted his hat, and said with a leer: "How do you do, Miss Brennan? I trust you are well, though you are looking a little pale."

"Sadie," she replied with indignation, "she said:—"

"What do you mean, sir! Stand aside and let me pass!"

"No, I'll be in such a hurry, my dear. You have written letters which are the light of my life, and I almost searched heaven and earth to discover you; having done so I am not to be set aside in this manner. There are several things I wish to say to you, and if you and your friend will step quietly in here with me, we will discuss them over an ice-cream; otherwise I shall be forced to walk to your home with you."

For an instant Sadie half turned to accompany him, with a wild idea of buying his silence at any price; then as she raised her eyes she saw a policeman moving slowly toward them on his beat. She said in a strained, unnatural voice: "Let me think a minute, what is it you wish me to do?"

He repeated his words slowly, the policeman coming nearer all the while, and as he finished Sadie made an impulsive dart towards the blue coat and star crying:

"Arrest this man, my father will explain to you why!"

The policeman said mildly,—"laying a detaining hand on Sadie's tormentor who made no effort to escape—"You must make some complaint, Miss."

"She will hardly care to do that, I fancy. I'll go with you if you like, but," turning to Sadie, "I shall talk considerable, and I may tell a good deal—do you think I'd better?"

Sadie looked first at one then the other, trying to speak, but words were beyond her. Mabel stepped before her and said: "Take this fellow to the station house, and see that no one sees or speaks with him until after you have seen James M. Brennan, 7—street."

The officer, with a puzzled look walked off with his willing captive—who still wore that malicious smile—and Mabel stopped a passing hack and put Sadie, who seemed incapable of walking, into it, and saw her safely to her own home.

Mabel had recognized several familiar faces in the crowd which had gathered round them, and it was with a quaking heart that she went to her home and, after telling her father, awaited the result.

Mr. Brennan hastened at once to the station, but he was too late. The prisoner—who was a "man about town" with half-a-dozen aliases—had contrived to bribe some one to carry a note from him to the manager of a dirty daily, been visited by a reporter, and told all there was to tell, receiving a round sum of money for his story. He was discharged, Mr. B. making no complaint, deeming it best to hush the matter up as soon as possible.

Shortly after, while Sadie was still ill with a nervous fever induced by sorrow and excitement, her father received a letter from her former correspondent, saying that unless \$500 was left for him at a place which he designated, he would give some of Sadie's letters to a low paper, dropping the rest over the city after signing her name to them. Mr. Brennan promptly placed the letter in the hands of a detective, with instructions to arrest for attempt to blackmail; but the fellow could not be found.

Sadie had such a morbid horror of meeting anybody, and staid so closely confined to the house, that Mr. Brennan decided to sell, and move to a distant town. This he did, though at a loss of money, and Sadie tried in her new home to hold up her head and begin life anew. She was never the same—she could not bear her trouble and disgrace had so nearly crushed her. After a two years' residence in her new home, the story followed and found her there.

Weeks after the affair Mabel wrote Sadie the following letter:

"DEAR SADIE:—I told you that my punishment was greater than I could bear, and once I thought I could never speak of it to any one, but I have told you everything always and I want you to know this. You know what Harry Fielding has been to me ever since we could remember; but you did not know that for two months prior to that awful correspondence we had been conditionally engaged, because both families were anxious that nothing should be said about it. As soon as I graduated the engagement was to have been announced. When your father told papa of our disgrace, he at once sent for Harry, saying that it was only right and fitting that he, Harry, should hear the story first in our home, and there in papa's library I had to tell Harry. Oh Sadie, I felt like sinking with shame! Harry never said a single reproachful word, but I could see how I had fallen in his esteem. After a few days I felt sure he would never respect me again as much as formerly, and I sent him back his ring. He accepted, Sadie; and, after those letters were printed, I was thankful I hadn't waited for him to ask for it, for I was almost sure he would. I hate everything, and I had almost written everybody here. Papa is now talking strongly of moving South—if he only would. I can't live here."

Your loving "MABEL."

Dear girls, was it a "lark" you would care for? It is safest always never to meddle with edged tools.

THE END.

An excellent remedy for weakness arising from whooping cough or worms: Apply Allcock's porous plaster across the kidneys and small of the back. I have a great boy who was similarly troubled from the same causes. I know it will be of great benefit, as he is improving. Please try it for the little sufferer. The old-fashioned remedy is ten drops of spirits of turpentine, with always a cathartic of some kind after for stomach worms, and the same for intestinal, in a warm water injection, the only remedy that will effectually remove them in that part of the body.



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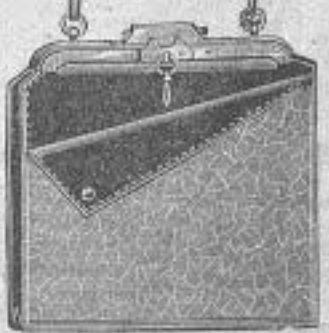
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Philadelphia, October, 1885.

76,000 CIRCULATION

The regular circulation of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER is over seventy-six (76,000) copies each issue. For proof we refer to Ferguson Bros. & Co., who do our presswork, and to the Scott Paper Co., who furnish us with paper.

We also offer our subscription books and post office receipts for inspection to any one interested in the matter.

An original affidavit is on file at all advertising agencies.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Be ready in time for church; if you do not respect yourself sufficiently to be punctual, respect the feelings of other people.

An exchange has a long article on "Reform at Funerals." The trouble with a good many men is that they put off reforming until the day of their funeral.

Fashionable motives for pillow shams are "Good night," "Don't Soar," "Did you forget to lock the front door?" "Sweetly Dream," and "Be sure and leave the milk pitcher out."

For a city of its population, Washington is said to be the greatest fish market in the world. This will do away with the idea that a fish diet is good for brain, or results would be different.

The milk supply of the city of Philadelphia is estimated at 1,000,000 quarts, or one-fifth of a quart to each man, woman and child composing its 1,000,000 of inhabitants. To produce this vast daily supply requires the maintenance of from 35,000 to 40,000 cows.

Many tears have been shed over kisses—over those "dear remembered kisses after death." Kiss your children, man of business, before you leave home, kiss the mother of your children, and then go about your day's work with a "thank God" in your soul that you have some one at home to kiss.

Let us too often impoverish ourselves and do violence to good judgment and sound sense and insist the sentiment they seek to serve, by injudicious, inappropriate and untimely gifts. A love that may be bought by show and pretense alone, is neither worth the giving or receiving, or having about the house in any form.

Get up a club for this month. If your subscription does not expire until later in the season, remember that your own renewal will begin when your present subscription expires, so do not wait to begin your club.

All renewals of old subscriptions count the same as new subscribers.

Dr. B. W. Richardson says that when any so-called moderate drinker arrives at the conclusion that alcohol is a necessity, he is then in the first stage of alcoholic disease. The sense of the necessity he asserts to be the first symptom of the disease; the declaration of the necessity is the declaration of the disease.

A young Englishman who was recently married went home lately, and finding his wife trying meat for supper kicked her so savagely as to break one of her legs. She retaliated by throwing the pan of hot meat and grease in his face. There could be anything which would justify such contemptible cowardice as wife-beating. It is finding a woman determined to ruin the digestion of her family by frying meat.

When mothers talk less of dress before their little children; when school girls have less time to gossip over the cost and variety of clothes; when young ladies are cordially welcomed in social circles for what they are, and of themselves, and not for what they wear; when wives cease to annoy their husbands because they cannot dress as well or better than some men's wives; in short, when conscience and common sense control this whole matter, the ideal dress will be in vogue, and, probably, that then will usher in the "millennium."—Good Housekeeping.

"GREEN."

"An English writer declares that green has become so fashionable a color that in society as to give much trouble to those ladies to whom it is not becoming. The shades in vogue are numerous enough, and have curious names as well as some pretty ones."

Any woman is foolish who attires herself in unbecoming costume simply because it is fashionable; and a girl who puts on a green dress, which does not comport with her complexion, is green in more senses than one.

"HOW TO KEEP GOOD NATURED."

By avoiding things that fret us, so far as is possible, taking into consideration the comfort of others and our own best good.

It isn't the great trials of life that wear me out, so much as the little nagging, nettling, peevish things, against which we seldom fortify and brace ourselves to meet or to endure.

It's the constant pin-pricks that tell on a woman's face and temper, not the great waves of sorrow that come but seldom in the majority of lives, and then foreshadowing themselves.

Against these great sorrows and calamities a Christian woman rallies her forces and meets them, we trust, as one should who professes to believe all things are ordered for her good, by Him who rules the universe. And through the grace of God is not shortened in regard to the little, every-hour perplexities and annoyances which come to most of us. Someway we do let them harass us, and grow irritable in consequence.

Accepting it as our duty to keep sunny-tempered, we must also accept it as our duty to steer clear of snags that we know will swamp our craft of good humor and sunshine. Hatred, aggravating, nettling things, around which and between which we can consciously steer, and so avoid "trailing the spirit's plumes," is our privilege and duty, because there is enough in life that must come to tax our patience, strength and faith.

When I was up on the mountain to-day, I could look down and see in a clear light some of these "snags" that Dame Fashion, and Dame Custom, and old Dame What-will-folk-say, had anchored in the current ready to hector and maim any boat. One of them is the paint on our sitting-room walls. Now I did want it painted a delicate creamy or green tinted shade, and the new wall hangings to be a beautiful light brown sprigged with dainty, gilt leaves, but light paint and delicate paper are readily soiled, and I knew the fingers of our three little people would get grimy and restless, and surely track them, and then in consequence I should get cross and discouraged as with wash-cloths and chalk I constantly warred against greasy finger marks. So I have had our sitting-room grained in imitation of brown ash, and as we were fortunate in securing an artisan to paint it who had a true artist's eye for color and grain of natural woods, having made their study and imitation a life work, he has wrought a pleasant transformation in the dingy wood-work of the room. Beautiful veining, wavy lines, knots, curvatures and gnarls, representing sections of wood from heart to bark, he has painted upon panel and post so skillfully you are ready to believe the room is finished in hard wood.

One will tire of artificial things. The stiffness and sameness of wall hangings weary one, especially a sick person who has to lie and look at them day after day. But there is nothing trite and set in nature. She is full of happy, refreshing changes and surprises, and never more so than in the beautiful patterns she has drawn on wood panels, a graceful, delicate, wonderful tracery of curve and wave and crinkle and curve again; no angles, no tiresome repetitions. They will bear close and exhaustive study, and they also rest with their cool, woody suggestions, the tired eyes of an invalid.

All this, with new hangings, a new-colored rug, work nearly done on the new-fashioned clove pinks and fringed bachelors' buttons, and sprigs of feathery "southern wood" in shades of brown, with a border of cardinal roses has been about such a change for the better in our sitting-room walls it's a real pleasure to sit within them; and the best of it is this beautiful grained wood-work is so easily cleansed. Dingy finger tracks no longer annoy when one knows a simple wipe with a damp cloth—a cloth wrung from sweet milk is best—will readily remove all such tracks, and to know as the varnish wears away, one can easily give the paint a fresh coat of it themselves, not being dependent on any one to keep such grained rooms bright with cleanliness and varnish, which counts still more.

And then there is the bed which, necessarily, has to stand winters in this same living room. With what housewifely pride, in years past, I kept it! Counterpane, valance, pillows and shams, white as the heaped snow drifts outside, and starched to a glossy smoothness that the least rough disturbing would show for itself. Before there were little people in our home I could keep this bed plump and white and smooth without very much painstaking and no fretting, but now, with a boy whose long-legged boot legs are just high enough and back or muddy enough to delight in wiping themselves against these starched valance folds, and another little one so restless she must do something every moment of her waking hours, and shut up in our one warmed room from noon till night of winter days, this something is apt to be a thoughtless swinging and jumping and leaning against the soft, white sides of this bed, and still another toddler who likes to creep back and forth under its white curtains, but she is happiest when she can pat her moist, eager little hands on the polished hearth of our Franklin stove and then, with little screams of delight, pat these same busy, glossed palms onto the white spread, leaving marks which, when you discover, may aggravate you into thinking if not saying something naughty. I know perfectly well if I tried to keep that sitting-room bed in starched, spotless whiteness, last winter it would be at the expense of temper and comfort for myself and children. Every day and many times a day through the long winter it would be: "Here, children, keep away from that bed!" "Look out, Frankie, don't hit the bed with those boots!" "John, what makes you lean back against that bed? Don't you see what a mess you are making of it?" And I also know in spite of my constant cautioning and fretting, little smutty hands and frocks would smooch the white bed sides and I should get tired and cross undoing the mischief.

How much better to avoid this source of annoyance by discarding altogether a white drapery for that bed, while the children are small, and substituting for spread and valance, an old-fashioned blue and white counterpane my grandmother wove years ago, and with such ample proportions its curiously knotted fringe reaches to the floor.

A real treasure that old, campfire-steeped counterpane has proved to be, for it will bear weeks of hard wear before it looks dirty, and then will wash as clear and bright as a blue bell in the rain.

Oh! how much better it is, when it is consistent to Christian growth of character, to avoid all these little peevish sources of annoyances which spoil our comfort and temper! I do believe it is our duty to keep just as comfortable as we can if

it is not at the expense of others comfort and our own self-respect. We do not know into what sloughs of despondency or extremities of irritability we may be led by a stylish collar that rasps and chokes our neck, or a fashionable, narrow arched boot that tortures our feet, or a merciless steel-clamped corset that gnaws us to say unhappy, unwise remarks, working mischief that a lifetime can't undo.

JOHN'S WIFE.

SCRIBBLER'S LETTER TO GUSTAVUS.

NO. III.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

I fear, Gustavus, from what Fitznoodle tells me, that things are not going quite as well with you as they might. Fitznoodle had no business to speak of your affairs to me! No, perhaps not, but one reason I have in speaking to you is to warn you about the mistake of talking about your domestic difficulties to any one. Things that are not spoken of in so many words are always a matter of mere conjecture to outsiders, and any unpleasant report may die out for want of food to live upon. But if the main actors in it give definite information as to their private affairs, they can hardly expect the scandal-loving public not to repeat or even to enlarge upon it. Whatever may be your domestic difficulties, do keep a serene exterior both as to actions and words, for rest assured that seven out of every ten of your acquaintances would infinitely prefer to be able to tell how dreadfully you and Julia quarrel, than that your domestic happiness is a marvel.

I sadly fear, however, from what I hear, Gustavus, (to refer to Fitznoodle again) that you and Julia have somehow or other got hold of opposite ends of the tangled skein of life, and it stands to reason that once in a while these threads must cross in a way highly unpleasant to both, and having the effect of increasing the tangles; and if neither one of you gives in and goes round to the other's side and helps to wind his or her end of the thread, but tries perforce to go on in his or her own way, the time will come when the two threads will be hopelessly snarled, and there will be nothing left but to snap them both off short or let them drop and start in a new place together.

Obstacly, my dear Gustavus, is a dreadful failing. That's just what you have been telling Julia! Oh! I dare say, quantities of times, but how did you account to her for the stand you took? I've no doubt you tried to persuade or force her to believe you kept your opinion because you as a man were firm while she persisted in hers because she as a woman was obstinate, didn't you? Well, now, reflect a little; may she not have some reason for taking the ground she does, and being a free born American she certainly has a right to a certain amount of opinion, even if it does not happen to accord with your own. Your attitude towards each other reminds me very much of one of La Fontaine's fables which impressed me very much as a child, partly because it was illustrated, I think. Two goats endeavored to pass over a chasm on a plank but wide enough for one. They met in the middle, and the illustration was a picture of the meeting. There they stood, feet firmly planted, forehead pressed to forehead, both firm in their determination not to give way to the other, but not obstinate; dear me! no. You remember that picture, Gustavus, when we used to pore over those fables together. Do you remember the disastrous result? The one who was a shade the weaker gave way by force of superior opposing strength, and was precipitated into the gulf below; but all would have been well if the victor carried over the victor also, and the two lay below, dead, victims of an ill-judged adhesion to firmness, where to yield would have been to really triumph. In very many of the controversies of life, paradoxical as it may seem, the one who yields is the conqueror—the victor alone is the vanquished one.

It would be well to yield sometimes if only from selfish motives, and the next time Julia don't quite agree, if it is not a question of principle with you, just see if you can't give up your prejudice a little in favor of hers, and if it should be a question of principle with you, be as little aggressively as possible, and don't tell her she is a fool because she doesn't feel as you do about it; and, above all, don't tell Fitznoodle or any one else about it. Believe me you will be much happier, and Fitznoodle won't have an opportunity to talk about you.

SCRIBBLER.

IF THEY ONLY WOULD.

It is said that married people would be happier if home trials were never told the neighbors; if they kissed and made up after every quarrel; if household expenses were proportioned to receipts; if they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days; if each would try to be a support and comfort to the other; if each remembered the other was a human being and not an angel; if women were as kind to their husbands as they were to their lovers; if fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer work; if both parties remembered that they married for worse as well as for better; if men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts; if there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private; if wives and husbands would take some pleasure as they go along, and not degenerate into mere tolling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake. If men would remember that a woman can't always be smiling who has to cook the dinner, answer the door-bell half a dozen times, and get rid of a neighbor who has dropped in, tend to a sick baby, tie up the cut finger of a two-year old, gather up the playthings of a four-year old, tie up the feet of a six-year old on skates, and get an eight-year old ready for school—to say nothing of sweeping, cleaning, etc. A woman with all this to contend with may claim it as a privilege to look and feel a little tired sometimes, and a word of sympathy would not be too much to expect from the man who, during the honeymoon, wouldn't let her carry as much as a sunshade.

Mrs. Mary Safford, of Detroit, Mich., gains a comfortable income by making and selling mince pies and English plum pudding, the real old-fashioned kind, such as our grandmothers made. The pudding is put up in three and six-pound packages, and is sold at fifty cents a pound and will keep a year unspoiled. Mrs. Safford also supplies fine cakes; the best families in the city are her patrons, and she has her customers in Boston and many other places in New England, and easily disposes of all she can prepare.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ETTA L. OSBORN will find Mrs. F. A. Warner's address as given in the paper to be E. Saginaw, Mich.

MIGNONETTE:—You evidently have either gall-stones or liver trouble, for which you had better consult a reliable physician.

CAN any of the sisters tell a new subscriber where she can get the health corset—the kind that is so short over the hips and lace on both sides behind? MRS. B. H. WILLIAMS, COLONY, KAN.

"CONSTANT READER."—He's off, if applied several times a day with the end of the finger, will partly obliterate if not destroy a scar of a cut, bruise or a slight burn. MRS. WM. TURNER.

MRS. N. SMITH, WILLIAMSTOWN, inquires for a remedy for canary birds troubled with asthma.

[Geo. H. Holden, 9 Bowdoin Square, Boston, Mass., in his book on birds, gives a great deal of useful information. His bird cure No. 5, for asthma and loss of voice, is well worth trying. Price, 25 cents.]

A SENSIBLE WOMAN'S ADVICE:—Don't use any patent medicines, I would not under any circumstances. Regulate the diet, bathe frequently; take plenty of exercise and plenty of sleep, and eat all you want of good, nourishing food, and live for something; have some aim in life, then, if medicine must be taken apply to some reliable physician, I prefer a homoeopathic, for several reasons, but more depends on the man than on the school of medicine. Hope I have not made too long a call. MRS. E. F. T.

HINTS FROM "A COUNTRY GIRL":—Mrs. M. Ella Turner can make a paint of any white powder, mixed with a little linseed oil, and enough turpentine to make it about as thick as paste; lay the pattern on the goods and rub the paint over it with a small cloth. I have been told that ink stains could be taken out of any such things as the inquirer speaks of by soaking the things over night in buttermilk and washing them out in it. If the "Subscriber" should use this paint I think she would succeed. I have never seen any stamping powder that would not rub off. Have any of you ever made any pretty blotters? I made one last Christmas by fastening a spray of autumn leaves (the leaves having been varnished) to three sheets of blue blotting paper 8 inches square by a garnet ribbon; pressed ferns may be used but they must be varnished first. Pretty watch books can be made by cutting pasteboard in the shape of a shield, and covered with velvet, plush, or satin, and painted or ornamented in any way, and fasten a small book of some kind to the center; this is very convenient. I am making a set of toilet mats of Turkish toweling, and crocheting a border of white darning cotton; these are very useful as they can be washed. I would suggest to any one not able to buy a stamping outfit that they buy their alphabet pattern and make the rest. Secure some linen parchment paper and lay it on the pattern, trace it with a lead pencil and pick it with a sewing machine needle; this is much better to use than a common needle, as one side is grooved and the holes are not so easily stopped; this is not so much work as you would think. I have made a number of patterns in this way. If that stamping paint is to stamp on very light goods the paint may be made more by shaking in a little common bluing of the kind that comes in a powder. A COUNTRY GIRL.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—In the June number of the JOURNAL is a nice little story with a nice little moral, written with the evident and very laudable desire to elevate and educate the minds of the degraded portion of our otherwise perfect race, viz: the girls, to a clearer, and more thoroughly understood view of the duty they owe to their superior, man! Said little story relates how the unfortunate Milly lost at once and forever the heavenly felicity of becoming the wife of the most desirable "catch" in the village, because his lordship saw her at 3 p. m. washing the front door steps, arrayed in a black silk dress! Mercy of mercies! What a special interposition of Providence to save his transparently pure and undefiled life from the contaminating influence of such a woman! O! course it is not supposable for an instant, that his life was not all the most pious and pure-hearted could desire; oh, dear, no! And granting that his training, like hers, was not all it should have been from his infancy; that made not the slightest difference, for on reaching the interesting state of manhood, he at once burst through the shackles of previous bad training, and rising superior to the allurements and influences of bad example and worse precept, he bloomed forth into that creation par excellence, a perfect man! But for her, poor soul, there was no possibility of a triumph over her educational errors; and having once sunk to such a depth of degradation she could do nothing but accept the justly (?) deserved punishment conveyed in what we trust she considered a very bitter disappointment; and the fact that he continued to rise to a prominent position, and she, apparently, became perfectly obscure, is only another proof that she should have been possessed at birth, of all those angelic qualities which would have fitted her for the most prominent position in his affections.

We are very much inclined to believe with his daughter, that his affections, if he possessed any for aught save himself, were not very firmly centered in the hapless Milly, or, if so, it were well they found a home in a place of perfection equal to himself, for of all the housekeepers I have ever known, I will venture to assert that there are very few who have not at some period of their busy lives, and that, too, after years of active training, have not forgotten some minor detail of the numerous duties consequent on the care of a home.

Now, let us add our benediction and we will close. Firstly, we believe it to be a modern outcropping of old-time training and forced belief in the natural, and therefore right, superiority of man, that permits a woman to give form to an idea that serves to further such an imperfect principle. Therefore, in the name of Heaven, justice, mercy and common sense, let us have our principles of morality a little more evenly applied; let us strive to impress our young men with their responsibility in regard to the moral and well being of future generations, and in the meantime give the girls and their mothers a respite from the avalanches of good advice they are obliged to take.

THE PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER



DOMESTIC JOURNALISMS.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS, CONTRIBUTED BY JOURNAL SISTERS.

LOT, KY., Aug. 10, 85.

Will some of the ladies please give a recipe for making ripe tomato catsup, also for pickling peaches, and oblige a

CONSTANT READER.

"Louise"—To remove paint from windows rub the spots with the old-fashioned nickel penny. There is no safe remedy to remove freckles and tan from the face. The black heads can be removed only by squeezing between the two thumb nails. You will find the Camfield dress shield the best protector you can use.

Genevieve Aymer Farwell, a little 11-year-old girl of Arlington Heights, Ill., has been engaged in silk culture for the past three years. This year she has managed 100,000 silkworms and has harvested a crop worth \$317.30. She will gladly answer any questions relating to silk culture, where parties enclose stamp for return postage.

Do any of the sisters ever pack string beans for winter use? Pick the beans when just right to string, pack in jars or tubs with salt, the same as you would for cucumber pickles. Then when wanted for use take them up and soak the brine out, and they are ready to use as pickles, or cut and cooked with cream and butter the same as in the summer.

SOMEONE'S SISTER.

DEAR EDITRESS:—I will give you a recipe for soap which is cheap as well as good.

Four pounds bar soap, (White Russian is best) one and one-half pounds of sal soda, four ounces aqua ammonia, eighteen quarts rain water. Put the water, sal soda and soap cut in small slices into your boiler and set on the stove but do not let it boil; stir occasionally and when all is dissolved set off; when milk warm stir in the ammonia and it is ready for use. Can be used in boiling clothes or without.

JULIE BECKER.

BRUSH CREEK, IOWA.

In cleaning silver kerosene may be used with advantage.

Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit pudding sauce.

Wall paper may be cleaned by covering the top of a broom with a cloth and gently sweeping over the paper.

Remove iron rust by moistening the spot with cream of tartar and salt, and expose to the heat of the sun.

It is said canned berries retain their flavor, and keep better when a buttered cloth is laid over the top of the jar before screwing down the cover.

Milk will remove ink stains from any kind of goods in a few minutes if used before the ink has time to dry; otherwise the goods must soak in the milk until removed. The milk may need changing, as it must not get sour.

Melted paraffine poured on top of jellies, jams, etc., also on the top of canned fruit when the covers are discolored, will be all the covering necessary, excepting a cloth or paper to exclude dust. One can use the paraffine many times.

You will find empty salt bags very convenient for straining starch, fruit juices, etc. One lady of my acquaintance keeps them especially for covering pots of butter. They are washed, cut open, laid smoothly over the butter and covered with a half inch of salt. The pots are then tied down with several thicknesses of paper.

LINEN THAT HAS TURNED YELLOW.

When linen has turned yellow, cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash kettle. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it half an hour, then take it out. Have ready a lather of soap and water; wash the linen in it and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last.

THE FLORENCE LAMP STOVE.

This little gem has recently become a part of our kitchen furniture, and we speak truly when we term it a household treasure. The early breakfast, so often a trial to the housewife, becomes a pleasant task, with the assistance of the Lamp Stove. Water for the coffee will boil, and the oatmeal begin cooking, while you are preparing the kielbasa to heat the range. With a family of children, where there is so often need for prompt action, in sudden sickness, these stoves will be found invaluable. Light the lamp, and you will have hot water, and warm irons, in less time than it takes to tell it, and you will be saved the exertion of running down stairs. During the summer months it is often all the fire that is needed to keep the domestic machinery in motion, thereby doing away with much unnecessary heat and unprofitable labor. We wish that every housekeeper in the land had one of these modern conveniences. The advertisement will be found in another column of the JOURNAL, and we would recommend all who may need such an article, to send for full particulars to the Florence Machine Co., of Florence, Mass.

HOME COOKING.

ORIGINAL RECIPES CONTRIBUTED BY THE JOURNAL SISTERS.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL desires choice recipes for preparing delicacies for the coming holidays. For the best of these sent in previous to November 1st, cash prizes will be given.

TIP-TOP CAKE.—1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 2 eggs or whites of 3, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder, 2 cups flour, flavor to your taste; bake in a form or high pan.

FEATHER CAKE.—1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sweet milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 cup flour, little salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, flavor to taste. A. E. H.

BACHELOR'S BUTTENS.—2 oz. of butter in 5 oz. of flour, add 5 oz. of sugar, beat an egg with half the sugar, flavor with almond, roll size of a nut, sprinkle with sugar, put on buttered paper.

SPICE CAKE.—very fine—1 cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 cup sour milk, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 3 cups flour.

SPONGE DROPS.—Beat 3 eggs with 1 cup sugar, 1 heaping coffee cup of flour, in which 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda have been mixed, flavor with lemon, drop in spoonfuls three inches apart; eat with ice cream.

PEPPERMINTS.—Two cups sugar, nearly one-half cup of water; boil seven minutes by the watch; thin, add one-half teaspoonful of oil of peppermint; when a little cool drop on buttered paper; do not put the oil in until you take it off the stove. These are nice. GROSS.

COFFEE JELLY.—Put $\frac{1}{2}$ a box of gelatine into a quart measure, cover with cold water, when dissolved pour on 1 cup of strong coffee, add $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of granulated sugar, and fill up the measure with hot water. Strain into a mould to cool. Serve with sugar and cream.

MRS. R. T.

SPONGE FINGER CAKES are made the same as sponge cake, dropped on the baking pan a spoonful at a time; do not let them touch. Put two together with chocolate filling. 1 square of Baker's chocolate, 2 tablespoonfuls of hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, 1 egg. Dissolve the chocolate in hot water, add the sugar and egg well beaten, set on the stove to thicken, spread while warm.

COCONUT CAKES.—1 cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of milk, 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda, or 1 teaspoonful of baking powder sifted into $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour. After the cake is mixed, stir in 1 cup of desiccated coconut. Take a teaspoonful and drop on a shallow pan; do not let them touch, nor spread them out, they will form themselves in the oven.

JUMBLES.— $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of granulated sugar, 1 cup of butter, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sour milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of soda. Do not mix with flour as hard as you would for cookies. To form the jumbles sprinkle a teaspoonful of granulated sugar on the rolling board, cut off a very small piece of the dough, roll under the hand in the sugar out long, pinch the ends together to form rings. If kept in a covered stone jar, they will keep moist and nice two or three months.

MRS. R. T.

ESCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Take a deep baking tin, and, after scalding and peeling the tomatoes, slice a layer of them in the bottom of your deep tin, next put in a layer of bread or cracker crumbs, then season with butter, sugar, nutmeg, and a very little salt; put in alternate layers of tomatoes and crumbs with seasoning, until the dish is full, being sure to top out with the crumbs and seasoning; bake $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour. I think this is the best way tomatoes can be cooked, many can eat them cooked this way, when they think they do not like tomatoes at all.

EDITRESS L. H. JOURNAL:—I see that "A Friend of the JOURNAL" wrote to the last number advising persons to use salads instead of worrying over the hot stove, cooking so much this warm weather. But I think she forgot to tell them how to make a dressing for the salads. There are persons that do not know how to make dressings for salads. The following is a good and cheap dressing, and can be used over lettuce or cold meat or fowl, or over lettuce and cold meat or fowl cut up together, or potatoes or any cold pieces can be made very palatable by using the dressing.

BOILED DRESSING.

1 heaping teaspoonful of mustard,
1 teaspoonful of sugar,
1 tablespoonful of melted butter or olive oil,
2 tablespoonfuls of cream or buttermilk, sweet milk or sour,
6 tablespoonfuls of vinegar,
1 egg.

Mix the mustard smoothly in part of the vinegar, add the remainder of the vinegar and the sugar. Beat the egg and butter or oil together, stir in the cream or milk. Then stir egg, butter and milk into the vinegar and mustard. Set over the fire and allow to boil, stirring briskly. Pour off and allow to cool before using. Being cooked it will keep good several days.

F. A. M. LOWEN.

WASHINGTON, August 10, '85.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—A friend once told me she showed each of her nine children to choose their birthday dinners, and was always sure of nine "pot-pies" during the year. I have been sorry I did not ask her how she made the "dumplings," for they must have been good. For those who seldom make "pot-pies" for fear the dumplings will "fall" and be "heavy as lead," I would like to give them the benefit of Miss Parlo's recipe, which has been a comfort to me, and always successful when the directions for cooking (the most important part) are carefully followed.

Dumplings.—One pint of flour, measured before sifting, half a teaspoonful of soda, a teaspoonful of cream tartar, (or one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder) one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and run through a sieve. Wet with small cupful of milk and stir it into a smooth ball. Roll to the thickness of half an inch, and cut into small cakes, or drop from a spoon.

Directions for cooking.—Remember that the soup should be boiling rapidly when the dumplings are put in; that they should never sink deep in it; that they must be covered immediately with a tight-fitting cover so that the steam shall not escape; that the pot must boil all the time so the steam is kept up, and lastly that they should boil just ten minutes.

Very respectfully,

MRS. S.

SALADS.

[Potato].—Take from 6 to 8 medium-size potatoes, (cold boiled) cut in size of dice. Two silver skinned onions chopped fine. Mix and season with salt and pepper, (parsley chopped fine can be added to the above if desired). Take 1 tablespoonful of dry mustard, moisten with a teaspoonful of hot water, put the yolks of two eggs in the same dish, beat together with an egg-beater until well mixed, then put in sweet oil drop by drop until it thickens like custard, add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of vinegar, put it over your potatoes and onions, mix all together, garnish the top with small lettuce leaves, celery tops or parsley.

[Cabbage].—Small head of cabbage cut fine, $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sweet milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ of teaspoon of mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoon of salt. Mix mustard and flour together with just enough vinegar to wet them. Then mix other materials except cabbage together quickly, put them in a porcelain lined kettle, stir over the fire until it comes to a boil, throw it over the cabbage, stir it thoroughly and cover tight till cold. Celery may be cut with the cabbage. It is a great improvement.

[Another].—1 pint good vinegar, 4 well-beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of butter. Put on the fire and stir constantly until the mixture begins to thicken, then add 1 tablespoon made mustard, 2 tablespoonfuls of salt, 1 tablespoon of black pepper. Chop one head of cabbage very fine with one bunch of celery, soak in salt and water two hours, drain well, pour the mixture over and mix well. It will keep all winter in a cool place. By mixing lobster or chicken with it you will have a nice salad.

[Chicken].—Boil young and tender fowls until the meat drops from the bones. Remove all the fat and skin and cut in half-inch pieces. Take two heads of well bleached celery, wash and cut in inch pieces; mix chicken and celery in salad bowl and cover with sauce made as follows: 2 eggs, (the yolks only) wineglass beat olive oil, tablespoonful good cider vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of mustard. Take the egg, stir slowly in the oil drop by drop, then add the mustard, next the vinegar and pepper, last of all the salt when the sauce will thicken.

COOKERY FOR COLDS.

APPLE WATER.

This is a refreshing beverage when a bad cold has the effect of making one thirsty. It is especially appreciated by children. Cut four slowly-baked apples in quarters, put them in a jug with a couple of cloves. Pour a quart of boiling water on them. In three hours strain and sweeten to taste.

LEMON WHISKY.

This is often recommended to excite perspiration after a chill, and is less heating than the white wine whisky sometimes given for that purpose. Pour into boiling new milk as much lemon juice as will make a small quantity quite clear. Add enough hot water to make it a pleasant drink, and sweeten to taste. Strain and drink before going to bed.

A PLEASANT DRUGHT FOR A COLD.

Boil a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in a pint of new milk. Reduce it to half the quantity, add sugar to taste, and a drop of almond essence. This should be taken at bedtime, not too warm.

RICE CAUDLE.

This is an excellent remedy for any case where a sudden chill has brought on diarrhea. Soak some rice for an hour in cold water, strain it, and put two tablespoonfuls of the rice into a pint or rather more of new milk. Simmer till it will pulp through a sieve. Put the pulp and milk into a saucepan, with a bruised clove, a bit of cinnamon, and loaf sugar to taste. Simmer ten minutes more. If too thick, add a little milk. Serve with exceedingly thin strips of dry toast.

OATMEAL GRUEL.

Mix two tablespoonfuls of fine fresh oatmeal with a pinch of salt and a little cold milk; when quite smooth, gradually pour into it half a pint more. Set it over a clear fire in a lined saucepan, and stir without intermission. Many cooks let the gruel stand to simmer at the side of the fire, only stirring occasionally, but this is a great mistake. To be good, gruel must be stirred the whole time. After it comes to boiling point, pour in another quarter of a pint of cold milk, and boil for twenty minutes. If approved, sweeten the gruel with loaf sugar, and flavor it with a pinch of nutmeg and a small shred of cinnamon. If it is not approved, serve it plain. There is nothing more delicious than a basin of well made gruel, and nothing more unpleasant to take, or even to look at, than the badly made gruel so often sent up to an invalid by a lazy cook. Gruel is also a most soothing remedy for a bad cold.

ICE CREAM WITHOUT A FREEZER.

Make a boiled custard in the following manner: Set a quart of rich milk to boil, in an oatmeal kettle or in a pall inside a kettle of water. While it is heating beat the yolks of three eggs and add to four cups of sugar. Beat the whites of the same eggs very light. When the milk just begins to boil pour it over the yolks and sugar, well mixed, stirring it briskly. Then stir in the frothed whites and set back over the fire. Stir constantly till the mixture has thoroughly boiled and thickened, then set to cook. When quite cold add, stirring well, three pints of sweet cream and five teaspoonfuls of vanilla or lemon flavoring.

It is well to make the custard the day before freezing, or in time for it to become quite cold. It should be in a tall covered pall, and this must be set inside another larger pall. Pack the space between closely with ice broken into very small pieces and rock salt in layers. The last thing before you set all to freeze, beat the custard long and hard with a long wooden ladle. Cover the custard pall closely, pack ice and salt upon it and cover all with several thicknesses of thick cloth—blankets, carpeting or old coats. After about an hour uncover and open your pall and give another thorough beating when the cream is partly frozen. The smooth texture of the cream depends upon these beatings. Cover your pall, turn off the brine and pack in more ice and salt, covering all thickly and well. Leave it three or four hours and then pour off the brine again and pack in more pounded ice and salt. In two hours you may take it out for use. Use plenty of salt and break the ice in very small pieces. The custard should be opened only once after it begins to freeze, though it may be necessary to pass off the brine and add salt and ice more than once.

Ice cream should be eaten with moderation, and not immediately after a very hearty meal.

To Wash Colored Garments:—Delicately colored socks and stockings are apt to fade in wash ing. If they are soaked for a night in a pall of tepid water containing half a pint of turpentine, then wrung out and dried, the color will "set," and they can afterwards be washed without fading.

The Cheapest and the Best.



WHEAT BAKING POWDER.

PURE and WHOLESOME.

It contains no injurious ingredients. It leaves no deleterious substances in the bread as all pure grade Cream of Tartar and Alum powders do. It restores to the flour the highly important constituents rejected in the bran of the wheat. It makes a better and lighter biscuit than any other baking powder.

MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS,
NEW YORK.



If a child is properly nourished, quiet nights and a joyous, happy childhood are the results. Thousands of infants are perished and feeble because they are being slowly starved, owing to the inability of mothers to supply the proper nourishment. Ridge's Food produces good, healthy flesh, with plenty of bone and muscle. Indeed, thousands have been successfully reared on Ridge's Food alone. Put up in cans, four sizes, at 25c, 50c, and upward. Food by Druggists. WOOLRICH & CO. on labels.



We are now accepting orders for giving us Premiums to those who get up Clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities. Dishes and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, &c. Two of all kinds from \$1 to \$2500 per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 80 CLUB ORDERS each day. SILVER-PLATED CASTORS as Premiums with \$1, \$2 and \$5 orders. WATER TUBS with \$20 orders. DISHES, TWO PIECE SETS with \$10, GOLD-BAND or MOSS-BAND SETS of 40 pieces, or DISH SETS of 112 pieces with \$20 orders, and a host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention this publication, and we will send you illustrated PREMIUM LIST. Freight charges average 12 cents per 100 lbs. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 801 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

THE ARNOLD Automatic STEAM COOKER is fast becoming a household necessity to all who study economy, and value the health and happiness of those committed to their care. It cooks and prevents disease, and saves food, fuel, and labor. No house is complete without one. *Price from \$1.50 to \$4.75.* Send for circular. It will pay any ardent and intelligent man or woman who wants to secure a partial business to apply at once for our confidential terms to Agents. Address WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

FLORENCE Lamp Stove.
PRICE, \$1.50.

Weight, 4 1/2 lbs. No glass to break. Will boil a quart of water in eight minutes. This Stove combines both heat and light. If not for sale in your city, we will send one to any address in the United States, express prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50.

Send for Catalogue of "Florence" Oil Stoves.

FLORENCE MACHINE CO., Florence, Mass.

HANDSOME Silver-Plated Sugar Shell Or Butter-Knife
Given for Four New Subscribers at 25 Cents Each per Year.

A new, handsome, neat and stylish pattern, triple-plated, on finest English white steel. Will wear for years. Almost as good as solid silver. All the objectionable qualities of German Silver and brass, which are known to have a disagreeable taste, and are, when a little worn, poisonous, will be avoided in the use of these goods. They are also stronger, and of greater durability than any goods produced.

A Butter Knife will be given instead of the Sugar Shell, if preferred. For 12 subscribers we will give a set of Tea Spoons, same quality, and for a club of 20, a set of forks. At 25 cents per year, in clubs of four or more, every lady in the land can afford the Ladies' Home Journal. Send for sample copies to distribute among your friends and neighbors.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.



ARTISTIC NEEDLE WORK.

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
DEPARTMENT OF ARTISTIC NEEDLE-
WORK.

Suggestions for Present-Givers—Pretty Deco-
rations for the House and for the Toilet-
ette—Beautiful Appliques for Borders
and Centre Pieces.

It is a wise plan for those who intend making the articles they design to bestow as Holiday gifts, to begin them early, for it is generally those who have only moderate income and but little spare time who create pleasant surprises and kindly tokens with their own industrious hands, for loved and loving friends.

Something novel and exceedingly pretty in the way of a wall decoration can be easily constructed of such odds and ends of ribbon and velvet as are often found in the house scrap bag. On a foundation of thin pasteboard cut in open fan shape, arrange deep purple velvet, or velvet in any dark, rich tone, garnet, plum, or even black, to form the upper part of the fan decoration. The velvet should be smoothly applied; to its lower edge attach in stick fashion, alternating strips of purple and gold or red satin ribbons, all to be drawn together at a proper distance to simulate the sticks of a fan, and the many loops are then arranged to form a rosette. Where each ribbon joins the velvet, one of Kursheedt's standard colored silk embroidered applique, the ripe strawberry cluster, with leaves, buds, and blossoms, as shown in our illustration, is placed;



eight of these pretty concepts being used on the fan. Some ladies may prefer alternating the strawberry cluster with some other design; if so, the daisy spray is very pretty and appropriate. In fastening this ornament to the wall, to a banner, screen, or plaque, care must be taken that, while tight enough, it is not drawn out of position.

The just introduced fashion of wearing wide-sashes of velvet with dresses of silk and cloth, gives another opportunity for taste to be exercised in fancy needlework, and many of these rich accessories are ornamented with exquisite designs outlined in gold and silver thread and filled with hand embroidery in colored silks, or with appliques. One such sash, to wear with a brocade, showing water lilies in Kursheedt's beautiful appliques which come in cream, the natural color, with green leaves. The sash is about half a yard wide, so one yard of the embroidered applique bordering is required for both ends which are further edged with chenille balls.

Embroidery grows more popular not only upon decorative household articles but it is the favored trimming for dresses. One reliable authority states that embroidery is employed for the ornament of all styles of toilettes; for silk dresses and elegant mantles the patterns are worked in beads of all colors. The skirt fronts and panels are covered with jet pendants, small gold sequins, or designs in leaden beads that have the appearance but not the weight of lead. For warm days in the fall, morning dresses are made of a heavy linen in dark blue, finished with open-worked embroidery in Turkey red cotton. The embroidery consists chiefly of circles and of large wheels filled up in lace-stitches. The edges are scalloped out and worked round in buttonhole stitch; the embroidery almost covers the dress, and scalloped-out band form the trimming. Many ladies are seeking morning dresses after this design in navy blue cashmere, worked with red zephyr, or gold, other combinations are brocade and garnet, dark and pale blue, orange green.

If ladies have no time to embroider the trimmings of their dresses, they will find the Kursheedt's embroidered colored silk appliques most convenient and very handsome. This season there are many new designs in these beautiful and artistic creations.

It is now quite time for school girls who have but little leisure, to begin making up their presents for Christmas, so we will give some models for fancy articles or their special benefit. A simple work pocket may be easily copied. The outside of pocket is of bronze satin cut sixteen inches in length and seven in breadth; it is lined with satin in a rich ruby, and one end is turned up four inches to form a pocket, while a flap two inches in the deepest part, turns over the pocket and is fastened by a small silk button and elastic loop. A piece of satin six inches long, and the width of the pocket is bound at each end, and herringbone down in three places to form slides for silk and cotton, and the whole is bound with ribbon.

stitch, surrounding any one of Kursheedt's standard applique floral initials, in which all the letters are represented. A flap of white or tinted flannel, for needles is fixed at one edge under the binding, and is bound to match the edges of pocket.

Chair bolsters are decorative and comfortable. One is covered with peacock blue plush, and is bordered at each end with band of applique in exquisite water lilies, Kursheedt's standard. The cord by which the bolster is suspended from the back of the chair is in cream, blue, green and gold. The ends of the bolster and centre of cord are ornamented with rosettes and bow of peacock ribbon.

Inexpensive and very pretty lamp-shades can be made at home of dried leaves or ferns. First place the leaves between two pieces of muslin, or sheets of thin paper, gumming them very lightly to the under piece of paper or muslin. Both pieces must be cut the exact shape required, and all the different parts of the shade are bound with ribbon or colored paper and gummed or sewn together. Neat screens, both large and small, are made in the same way.

A new Antemacassar for sofas is a yard and a half long and fourteen inches wide. It is of cream or white woven lace, with a design of figures on a clear ground. The figures are embroidered with floss silk in the natural colors, the thick and clear parts of the lace form a guide for the shading. The ground is lightly darned in some pale, harmonious tint, and the lace border to match is embroidered in the same way. A fringe of silk pompons finish the edges of this ornamental creation.

Fall flowers may be easily preserved by dipping them into melted paraffine, withdrawing them quickly. The liquid should be only just hot enough to maintain its fluidity, and the flowers should be dipped one at a time, held by the stalks and moved about for an instant to get rid of air bubbles.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Art-Loving School Girl."—Yes, dear, we know by experience how much materials for fancy work really cost, but then the articles are so pretty, and besides, you can save a considerable amount of money if you know just how to buy. There is no need to pay the price you mention for silk to embroider your crazy quilt. By sending 40 cts. in stamps or postal note, to the Braintard & Armstrong Co., 621 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa., you can get an assortment of silken factory ends, called "waste embroidery," all of good silk and beautiful colors, in pieces from one to three yards long. One dollar would not buy so much silk if arranged in skeins.

"Mrs. S. C. L." Altoona.—No, we do not keep the publications at this office, you can procure Kursheedt's "Fashionable Specialties" or descriptive publications which are issued quarterly, by enclosing 3 cents in postage stamps, and writing direct to the Kursheedt Manufacturing Co., New York City.

"Mrs. Haven," Boston, Mass.—You can procure the articles you mention quite as cheap in Boston as in New York or Philadelphia.

Address all letters of inquiry to M. E. L., Editor Artistic Needlework, Ladies' Home Journal, 441 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

If any of the sisters have the directions for Palm Leaf Welch Lace, will they please send them to the JOURNAL, and oblige.

HETTY MARSHALL.

Will some of the sisters send directions for crocheting baby sack with some sort of shell stitch, or something different from afghan?

MRS. F. GRAHAM.

Annie Denbroeder, E. Weymouth, Mass.—You can get the shaded floss by sending to Eureka Silk Co., Summer St., Boston, Mass.

Correction in Zona Diehl's collar pattern:—The commencement of the 7th row should read 7 stitches instead of 17. A subscriber has knit from it and her friends are delighted with it.

DEAR EDITRESS:—I have tried many of the lace patterns in the JOURNAL and like the collar pattern of Zona Diehl's the best; have knit a collar, also have it on aprons, both full widths and the edge only. Would like her to send her other collar pattern to the JOURNAL. I like the JOURNAL very much.

Yours truly, MRS. M. WALTON.

LANSINGBURGH, Aug. 25, 1885.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—Will "Aunt Ruth" please say what kind of cotton and what number for torchon lace. Also will "Lillian A. Poor" say what she means in the clover-leaf edging, and the very pretty edging in the August number by "O. N." and is each row finished or does some stitches remain on the needle after each row.

ELIZA J. CUNRY.

TUNISIAN LACE.

Cast on 15 stitches, knit across plain.

1st row. Knit 3, make 1, narrow, knit 3, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 6.

2d row. Knit 6, make 1, knit 3, make 1, narrow, knit 3, make 1, narrow, knit 1.

3d row. Knit 3, make 1, narrow, make 1, narrow, make 1, knit 5, make 1, knit 6.

4th row. Bind off 5, knit 1, make 1, narrow, knit 3, narrow, make 1, narrow, knit 1, make 1, narrow, knit 1.

5th row. Knit 3, make 1, narrow, knit 1, make 1, narrow, knit 1, narrow, make 1, knit 3.

6th row. Knit 3, make 1, knit 1, make 1, slip 2, knit 1, bind over the 2 slipped, make 1, knit 4, make 1, narrow, knit 1.

TERMS IN CROCHET.

Single Stitch, or S. C. Put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the cotton through in a loop, and also through the loop on the needle. Double Crochet, or D. C. Put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring the cotton through; take up the cotton again and bring it through the two loops. Treble stitch, or T. C. Turn the cotton round the needle, put it in a stitch, bring the cotton through; then take it up, and bring it through two loops twice. Long stitch or Long Treble. Turn the cotton twice round the needle, work as the treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops three times. Extra Long Treble. Turn the cotton three times round the needle, work as the treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops four times. Ch.—chain, a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one.

INSERTION.

Cast 18 stitches.

1st row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 1.

2d row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, knit 9, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1.

3d row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 3, over, narrow, knit 1.

4th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, knit 9, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1.

5th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 2, over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, over, knit 4, over, narrow, knit 1.

6th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, knit 9, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1.

7th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 3, over, slip 1, narrow, and bind over the slipped 1, over, knit 5, over, narrow, knit 1.

8th row. Slip 1, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1, knit 9, knit 1, over, narrow, knit 1.

FANCY MITTEN PATTERN.

Use Saxony yarn, and No. 16 needles. Number of stitches cast on for wrist must be some multiple of 7. For a hand that wears a 6½ glove, 63 stitches will be the right number. Knit once round plain. 2d round; knit 1, over, knit 3, over, knit 1, knit 3, repeat. 3d round; knit 3, over, knit 1, over, knit 3, knit 3, repeat. 4th round; slip 1, knit 1, draw slipped stitch over, knit 5, narrow, knit 3, repeat. 5th round; slip 1, knit 1, draw slipped stitch over, knit 3, narrow, knit 2, repeat. Knit this long enough for wrist, then carry three fancy stripes down the back. Knit what is on two needles, plain, 'til it is one inch and a-half long. Then take 30 stitches on one needle for the thumb, and knit the 30 stitches on two needles. Knit 1 row and knit 1 row 'til you knit 30 times. Use 4 needles, taking 10 stitches on each of 3 needles. Use 4th needle and join round. Knit long enough, and narrow in usual way. Pick up 30 stitches on edge of the stripe, knit on 2 needles, and proceed same as before the thumb was commenced. When long enough narrow in usual way.

Mrs. W. D. G.

To the sister who asks for a crocheted hood rule 1 will give the following, which is quite simple, and is done in the star stitch, which I will describe first.

STAR STITCH.

Make a chain the length desired, then take up the first stitch in the chain nearest the hook, and pull the thread through the loop. Then take up each of the next 5 stitches in the chain in the same way, retaining all the loops on the crochet hook, and carrying the thread on the hook; pull the hook through all the loops at one time, then make one chain to close the star; take up the next 5 loops in the same way as the stitches just described, retaining all on the hook; then draw the hook through, and make one chain stitch to close the star. Continue in this way 'til all the stitches in the chain have been used; then fasten the thread by making a chain stitch, breaking the thread and pulling the ends tightly through the loop.

2d row of star stitch:—Draw the thread through the first loop of the star stitch, make 3 chain stitches from this loop, and take up the next 5 stitches keeping all the loops on the hook, then draw them off the needle closing them with one chain stitch. Take up the next five stitches in the star from the first row, and close this star like the other. Then proceed in the same manner all along the line, and when finished commence the 3d row in the same way as the 2d, and so on 'til the article is complete.

HOOD.

With bone crochet hook and Saxony yarn, cream white, make a chain 19 inches long. On this chain do star stitch 'til you have a piece 13 inches long. This forms the head piece. Now take off half the stitches on to a hairpin, and do star stitch on the other half 'til it is 36 inches long; end off. Now do the same on the stitches which are on the hairpin, end off; lay this one aside. Now with blue or pink Saxony do another piece exactly as you did the white, lay the white and colored together and crochet a simple edge round the whole thing except across the top. Now gather the top all in a bunch and place on it a handsome ribbon bow, and the hood is finished. Cross the ends at the back, bring to the front of neck and the loosely. Crazy stitch or any fancy stitch may be substituted for the star stitch. If you get in deep water I will help you out.

EVA M. NILES.

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS.

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(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
MUSICAL STUDIES.

NO. IX.

BY MARGARET S. HANVEY.

At the end of the major and minor scales, you find another called, the chromatic scale. This is only the natural scale, with all the intermediate sounds between its degrees expressed,—thus, after playing C, play C sharp, before passing to D, etc. The fingering, which is given, is quite easy, and it may be continued from one end of the keyboard to the other, if you like. The name chromatic, ought to help you,—it means, literally colored. The chromatic scale is founded upon nature, just as the others are—it shows the half-tones, or colors, of which music is composed. Strange, that all sound should consist of seven different colors! And still more wonderful it is that there are just as many shades in sound as in color!

Thus, from the printed scales and cadences, you may gain your first ideas of time, of harmony, of expression, and many other incidental items of information. Practice these scales and cadences, faithfully, for a month to come. For practice, write out upon your foolscap, then copy into your blank book, examples of the same major and minor scales, but in two-four time, in four-eight, and in other styles, thus practically teaching yourself the differences between the various kinds of time. And don't forget the hammer idea—practice your finger exercises, and the scales, as rapidly as possible, merely for finger development. Practice the cadences, for time, in two-two, four-eight, etc., as well as in four-four.

The cadences form capital singing exercises. Sing these, for twenty minutes at a time each day, and you will feel the benefit, not only in your voice, but also, in your ear,—the latter will soon begin to appreciate the nice distinctions between sounds. In singing these cadences, as exercises, first take the highest note of each chord, forming a continuous row of five notes; then the middle notes of the same chords, with the upper of the two in the fourth; then the middle notes, with the lower of the two in the fourth; and then, the lowest notes in all the chords. The syllables used for the first row are do, do, do, si, do; the second, sol, la, sol, sol, sol; the next, sol, la, sol, mi, sol; the last, mi, fa, mi, re, mi. The same syllables are used for the cadences of all the scales, major and minor. One caution—don't scream. Never force your voice to take the highest notes, if it will not do so readily. Practice upon the lower notes, until the voice gains strength to mount naturally. Train your ear to listen, so that it will hear all the sounds of the chords at once, and be able to separate them—the notes sung, and the treble and base notes struck, at the same time. Many beginners find that the base, or one or more of the instrumental notes, will drown the sound of their own voices—but, it cannot be too often repeated, the human voice leads, and if any part must be subordinate, it is the instrumental. To the uneducated ear, harmony sounds like a confused jumble of noises,—or, the base only sounds plainly, overwhelming all the finer tones. But you must perceive every strain like a strand in a colored skein of silk, all the strands braided together to form one.

If several brothers and sisters are standing together, let them help each other, and at the same time, themselves, by singing these chords in chorus, the brothers taking the lower notes, the sisters, the higher. In this case, sing to every note the syllable, la. By way of variety the same syllable may be used in singing the scales. Singing the chromatic scale will be found excellent practice, care being taken to give to each note its exact sound,—by this means, both the voice and the ear will be trained to the fine differences between notes. In ascending the chromatic scale, use the following syllables: do, do, re, re, mi, fa, fa, sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do. In descending, the following: do, si, la, la, sol, sol, fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do. You know why no odd syllables for black keys are given between mi and fa, and do and si,—simply because here occur the half-tones, so at these points there are black keys in the key-board of the piano or organ.

At the risk of making myself tedious by repetition, I insist upon the necessity of constant scale-practice. Now your critic—who is always on hand, whatever you may try to do—speaks up again, somewhat in this wise: "Why don't your teacher give you something besides exercises? You have been studying music for six months, and can't play no piece yet." You can, if you like, repeat what I have told you, that playing pieces is not the chief object of musical culture; but you can also say, that any one who can play all the scales perfectly can generally teach himself a piece, when required, precisely as any one who can spell and pronounce, can read any literary composition. Most music teachers attempt to instruct their pupils, very much as a teacher of elocution would, if he or she tried to force students to interpret Milton or Shakespeare before they had mastered the contents of a primary school reader. No wonder so many amateurs give up their musical studies in despair.

You may grow tired of so much scale practice. You, however, would grow far less tired, did not somebody take every possible occasion to say to you, "You must be very dumb if you cannot get any further than scales." But, for your encouragement, let me tell you that the great pianists, as Gottschalk and Thalberg were "dumb" all their lives—that is, they practiced scales. Thalberg was accustomed to say, "If I neglect scale-practice one day, I feel the difference; two days, my friends feel the difference; but, three days, and the public feel the difference." Weber practiced scales, but found them extremely monotonous. That his mind might be free, while practicing, he formed the habit of propping a volume of poems upon the piano rack, and read, keeping his fingers moving all the time. His scale-practice was thus purely mechanical—but the great point is, he practiced scales, several hours a day. Your scale-practice will not become purely mechanical for a long while, perhaps for years—but, after you have practiced to make it so, you must expect to continue practicing to keep it so. This I have told you, to help you head off your critics, but not to discourage you. Nothing short of absolute deformity of the hands, or defect of the mind, need discourage any one.

You know all the scales by this time, I presume. Now you are ready for a set of modifications generally known as "Grand Practice of the Scales." The scale of C natural is taken as the model,—if you can play all the varieties of this scale, you can soon learn those of the others. The first movement in this set consists of the natural scale, up and down, for two octaves, repeated indefinitely. The second movement is the natural scale in alternate order. That is, put both thumbs upon middle C, and strike with them at once. With the right hand, continue to run up the scale in the treble, for two, or three octaves; with the left hand, continue to run down the scale to the treble, for two or three octaves. Then, run down the scale with the right hand, and up with the left, the two thumbs again meeting upon middle C. This is not difficult, as the fingering with both hands is precisely the same, up and down. Repeat indefinitely.

The third movement is in thirds—that is, one finger may be placed upon any given note, and the corresponding finger of the other hand will be an interval of a third above or below, or three notes will be included by the two fingers, one note under each finger, and one note between the other two notes. Place the fourth or little finger of the left hand upon C in the base, and the second finger of the right hand upon E in the base. You now see that an interval of a third includes the three notes, C, D, E. This movement of the scale comprises thirds throughout.

With the left hand, run up the scale for two octaves, and down again, just as you have learned to play the base in the natural scale. At the same time, run up the scale with the right hand, and, of course, down again, for two octaves. You need not fall in the fingering of the right hand, if you suppose that you had already run a natural scale as far as the second finger, before beginning with the series of thirds; and had lapped over into another octave, as far as the second finger, after ending an octave of a natural scale.

The fourth movement is in sixths. You are now prepared to know what an interval of a sixth is—any two notes, having the four consecutive notes between. Place the second finger of the left hand upon E in the base, and the thumb of the right hand upon middle C. Run up, in sixths for two octaves, and down again. The fingering is precisely like that of the natural scale—only, in the base this time, you are to suppose, when you start, that you have already run a scale, in the base as far as the second finger. This movement need present no difficulty, if you remember that the third fingers of both hands cross and strike at the same time.

The fifth movement is in tenths—interval of a tenth, you now see, includes any two notes, with eight notes, or an octave between. Place the fourth finger of the left hand upon C in the base, the second finger of the right hand upon E, above middle C. Run up and down, for two octaves, in tenths, the fingering being like that of the third movement.

Of course, all of these movements are to be practiced until they can be run as rapidly as the natural scale. It would be a good plan to take your sheets of foolscap, and write them all out, marking the fingering, and afterwards copy them into your blank book.

These same movements are to be practiced in all the other scales. It is hardly probable, however, that you can learn them readily, without first writing them out. With patience and perseverance you can do this. The fingering you can easily copy from your "Scales and Cadences." For every octave, it is exactly like the scale to which it belongs—only, you must sometimes suppose that you have already reached a certain point in that scale, before beginning the movement.

Before going further, it might be well to fasten upon your mind what is meant by intervals. You have learned to recognize an interval of a third, a sixth, and a tenth, and are not surprised to hear, that there are, also, intervals of seconds, fourths, fifths, sevenths, etc.—an eighth, you already know as an octave. Take your foolscap, and write out, for your own edification, every possible kind of an interval you can discover upon the key-board. Keep the paper, in case I take up the subject again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

The Glaxia.

BY ESEN E. KEXFORD.

The Glaxia is one of the best of all the summer-flowering plants. It can be raised from seed, which should be sown very early in the season, in light, fine soil, or tubers can be purchased quite cheaply of florists. It likes a soil made up of well decomposed cow-manure, leaf mould and sand. If seed is sown, care must be taken to cover it lightly, and on no account should the surface of the soil be allowed to get dry. When the seedlings have put out their second leaves, put them into small pots, and after that shift to larger ones when the ball of earth becomes full of roots. The tubers you buy from a florist should be planted in four or five inch pots and watered sparingly at first, as they begin to throw up leaves increase the supply of water, but never give enough to keep the soil wet. A good deal of sand should be used in making up the compost for these plants in order to keep it light and open. They should have plenty of light, but will

do better if kept out of strong sunshine. Good plants will bloom all summer, and often until late in the fall. After they begin to show signs of a desire to rest, by ceasing to bloom, and a turning yellow of the leaves, withhold water, and let the plant dry off. After it has shed its leaves, put the pot containing it in some out of the way place where it will be free from frost, and keep it comparatively dry for some months. On no account give enough water during this period of rest, to induce any growth of leaves. In March bring to the light, dig out most of the old soil, and supply new, and gradually increase the supply of water until the plant begins to grow. I have several plants now in bloom, which have received this treatment, and some of them have leaves seven inches in length and five across them, with dozens of buds in all stages of development. The flowers of the Glaxia are shaped something like those of the Canterbury Bell, and are very rich in coloring and marking. Some are pure white with purple blotches on the lower side of the throat, others are beautifully spotted with brilliant colors, while some are pink, crimson, purple and rosy lilac, with rich markings. It is a plant that is not ordinarily seen in the collections of amateurs, but there is no reason why it should not be grown there. The idea seems to prevail that it is somewhat difficult to manage successfully, but I do not find it so.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. M. V. W.—In reply to your inquiry if there is not some less disagreeable way of getting rid of the aphids than by fumigation with tobacco, I would say that Peter Henderson & Co., New York, put up a preparation called "Insect Death Powder" which is applied with a powder-gun, which is a sure death to the green house. Sprinkle the plant lightly, and then blow this powder over them and the lice will soon disappear. I am using it this summer, and find it to be just the thing I have long wanted. It does not injure the plants, is always at hand when wanted, and does away with the nauseous fumes of tobacco smoke which fill the whole house when fumigation is resorted to.

M. T. S.—I cannot tell you why your Fuchsia does not grow and blossom well, because I do not know the conditions which exist regarding it. If the leaves turn yellow and the buds drop, you have either let it get too dry at times, or your soil is heavy and sour and the roots have become diseased. The Fuchsia likes plenty of water, but the soil must be porous and drainage good. Look at the underside of the leaves, if covered with little nobs, or you see tiny redish atoms there, you may be sure that the red spider is doing his destructive work. Give the plant a good bath daily or twice a day, letting the top remain under water for five minutes at a time. This will soon rid it of spiders. After getting rid of them, keep them away by syringing the plant all over every day. Throw the water up under the leaves for there is where the pests lurk. The Fuchsia likes water over its leaves as well as at its roots, and does not like a very sunny window to grow in, unless the light can be tempered during the heat of the day.

S. V. T.—The shrubs of which I spoke in a former paper can be procured of any good florist. They can be set in fall, before cold weather comes, as well as in spring. When cold weather is at hand, lay them down and give them some protection. Do not lift in spring until cold, freezing is over. It is the alternate freezing and thawing of plants which injures them more than steady, continued cold weather.

Young ladies who are interested in Lida Clarkson's Brush Studies should procure material from J. Mansching & Co., who's advertisement is in another column of this number. To have perfect work we must first have the proper tools and good material. As all colors sold by them are of their own importation, they warrant the quality. Many new and desirable shades are among the assortment. We advise all who may need anything in this line to send for price list at once.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GRANT

Revives interest in that Great Civil Conflict which gave him his undying fame. To meet the popular demand, the Publishers of THE AMERICAN RURAL HOME, of Rochester, N.Y., make the following unprecedented offer:

We will send **FREE** (Postage Paid) to every Subscriber (New or Old) who remits **ONE DOLLAR** for a Year's Subscription to the **AMERICAN RURAL HOME**,



Order through the Bayou. [Specimen illustration from "Popular History of the Civil War."]



Pickets on Duty. [Specimen illustration from "Popular History of the Civil War."]



"THE POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR."

This is not a Cheap-John Edition, but a Beautiful Book of 420 Pages, printed on good paper, from clear, large type, **SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED**, and handsomely Bound in Cloth. Both sides of the War described and illustrated. Portraits of all the prominent Generals, both Union and Confederate; spirited illustrations of Battle Scenes, Naval Engagements and incidents of Camp Life.

Besides the above "Splendid History," you also get **WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE** for one year, postpaid,

"THE AMERICAN RURAL HOME,"

the finest **HOME PAPER** published in this country, with Special Departments for Ladies and Children.

SEND FOR SAMPLE

Address

AMERICAN RURAL HOME CO., Limited, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"HAPPY HOURS AT HOME."

The subscribers of "Happy Hours at Home," will please take notice that in the future they will be supplied with the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL AND PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER, in place of the aforesaid monthly, the list of which has been purchased by us entire.

All subscriptions will be completed as originally contracted for, by the publishers of the aforesaid journal.

We want every lady who reads this paper to send their address to H. C. F. Koch & Son, or New York, for their fall and winter catalogue as advertised. It will be sent free to any part of the United States, and with this guide you can buy from a reliable house anything in house-keeping goods, or any article of clothing that you want. To those living at a distance from large cities this opportunity is especially desirable, and the reputation of this firm is such that we are sure satisfaction will be given in every instance.

John Medina, of Boston, makes the extraordinary offer to send hair goods to any part of the United States for examination and approval, on receipt of order and address. It is particularly desirable, with goods of this kind, that the style should be suited to the face of the wearer, and that the hair should match perfectly the head on which it is to be worn. This can never be better decided than in the quiet of one's own home, and we think this a special inducement for the JOURNAL sisters to give him a trial. All goods sold by John Medina are of his own manufacture, and are warranted. We are sure if our friends will give him their patronage the result will be entirely satisfactory.

The Equiptoise Waist, advertised by Mrs. A. Fletcher, of New York, is one of the most complete garments made, and coming under the head of Dress Reform. In it are combined all the advantages of the corset, with the ease and comfort of a perfect-fitting underwaist and skirt support. They are endorsed by the best authority, are recommended by physicians, and used with great success in many cases where the wearing of a corset is an impossibility. We would also call the attention of our readers to the Union Undergarments advertised by the same firm. Made in seersuck and white, in heavy or light merino, they are adapted to all seasons of the year. The Union garments are of widespread reputation, and if once tried are preferred to any other make. Send for the new enlarged illustrated catalogue now ready for free distribution.

Every lady knows how much a good cake is improved by smooth white icing, and yet how often the cake is a complete failure, because the icing has been improperly made. Peckham's Frosting can be mixed ready for use in a moment, and is always reliable. Used without eggs it is an economical luxury at all seasons of the year. It can be bought at all first-class grocers. We have used it and can recommend it.

Mothers should use Stewart's new Child Pin, advertised in another column. Cold weather is coming and the children can be saved from much cold and exposure if, when they are put to bed, the blankets are securely fastened with these convenient little pins. We know their value and would like to see them in use in all the JOURNAL nurseries. Send stamps for sample, and the comfort and health of your little ones will amply repay you for your effort. When sending for them mention this paper.

A trial package of Bileosine will be sent to any one sending a two-cent stamp to Snow & Earle, Providence, R. I. This valuable medicine is a reliable remedy for headache and dyspepsia, and all diseases arising from a disordered stomach. Bileosine will speak for itself if given a fair trial, and to all sufferers from that common malady the headache, this is the golden opportunity for relief. When sending for it mention the JOURNAL.

For polishing silverware and household metals of all kinds, the Matchless Metal Polish is the best that can be used. It is a clean white paste, entirely free from grit, polishes quickly, and is lasting. For brass kettles and stair rods it is unequalled. Having practically tested this polish we are prepared to recommend it as one of the greatest labor-saving articles known. All readers of the JOURNAL should send for trial sample as advertised.

The Inhaling Tube—it is impossible to overstate the importance of this little instrument; it is designed to inflate and strengthen the lungs and chest. In all cases where there is any weakness of the lung, a tendency to take cold, etc., or where the person has a small, narrow chest it should be used by all means be used. It should especially be used by persons belonging to consumptive families. Being made of pure silver it is easily cleaned and can be carried in pocket. See Mr. Polling's adverb. and send for circular. Tube is made in Philadelphia.

Work for ladies is offered by the Chicago Specialty Co. They are reliable and their goods are of the best in the market, strictly first-class, and to be depended upon. If you want a money-making business why not send to them for illustrated catalogue and see what they have to offer?

HOW LAMP CHIMNEYS ARE MADE.

What Kind is the Best.

No kind of manufacturing is so interesting to many people as glass making, and it really deserves attention, for the use of glass is universal, being exceeded by no other article unless it be iron.

There are quite a variety of kinds of glass, and the competition has been very much changed during the past few years. For instance, we seldom get the good flint glassware formerly made. We may visit the stores in vain to find a dozen good flint goblets. Hence the frequent and easy breakage, at which so many have wondered. This difference is explained by the use of what manufacturers call lime glass (made of lime, soda-ash and sand) which makes cheap and nice-looking glass, but it is the "easy break" kind. While real flint (or lead) glass, made from potash, lead and sand, is much more durable, being a better conductor of heat and a very much tougher ware. It is somewhat more expensive, but cheaper in the end to the consumer.

This is particularly true of lamp chimneys, and one reason there is so large a breakage of them (and a most annoying breakage it is) is that so many are made of Lime Glass, and so few comparatively of the real flint glass.

Many people think "glass is glass," and do not know what to buy or what kind of chimneys to call for. One thing can be depended upon, viz.: that if you mention a flint glass, and even then sometimes, the commonest

kind of breakable Lime Glass chimney will be handed over the counter, and ten to one, by the time one gets comfortably seated to read, away goes the chimney.

There is one glass manufactory in Pittsburgh, Pa., where the finest quality of glass is made, especially for Lamp Chimneys, and where their goods are known throughout the country. The firm is Geo. A. Macbeth & Co., proprietors of the Pittsburgh Lead Glass Works.

On a visit to their works about 100 men are found busy as bees, making lamp chimneys at the rate of from 1250 to 3000 per day. Their process of manufacture is simple, and materials used, are both curious and interesting.

First they use the pure white sand found in but few localities, which, when thoroughly washed and dried, is almost white as snow. Then the potash (or soda) and the sand, in a form of oxide, perfectly pure, are added to the sand and thoroughly mixed until the batch resembles ordinary sugar in grain, but is quite red in color. It is now ready to go into the pots—twenty-four in number, made of a pear-shaped iron, being from 4 to 4½ inches in height and about the same in width. These pots are closed at the top to prevent the fire from entering the molten glass, with the mouth of the side near the top. The furnace being circular, the pots when placed in position, and covered with fire bricks, present their open mouths only, and when looked at resemble a hot steam furnace.

When in this condition the pots are filled with the mixture above mentioned, close the top, and in about twenty-four hours it is ready to work. A workman called a gatherer, dips his pipe into the molten mass and gathers enough on its end to make a chimney. This he rolls on a smooth iron plate to get even on one end of pipe, when he blows it about the size of a boy's toe, and hands it to another workman, who further blows it up, and proceeds to form the lower part of chimney, which fits the burner, which he does by forming a small knob on the end of the now pear-shaped bulb, giving it a sharp stroke with his shears breaks the knob off leaving a small hole in the bottom of the bulb. It is now heated red hot in a tank and the lower end of the chimney formed by the blowers' hands, providing the glass with a too, resembling sheep shears, but larger and narrower blades. The chimney is now broken off the pipe and put into a "saw," an instrument which holds it as one would clutch an apple firmly in the hand, and heated red hot in a tank.

The top is finished by machinery invented and owned by this firm, making it bell shaped, and headed on the top, from which the chimney gets its name "Pearl Top," distinguishing them from the ordinary crimped or scalloped tops made of pot glass.

This form of top has been close y imitated and it has been found necessary to affix a label and wrapper with special mention of the name.

There is no process by which poor glass can be made good, and all "fancy" processes of "annealing" and "tempering" are lost from the first or second time the chimney is heated on the lamp.

The firm of Geo. A. Macbeth & Co., make about one hundred and fifty different shaped chimneys, all of this fine quality of glass, and as some are so shaped that the "Pearl Top" cannot be put on, each chimney is labeled with their trade mark.

Strangers visiting Pittsburgh would be well repaid by a trip through the extensive works of the firm, which, although lamp chimneys are the leading product, yet they will find globes and a great variety of other lamp appliances.

A BIG OFFER. To introduce them, we will give away 1000 sets of our new, large, address, and express office at once. THE NATIONAL CO. 23 BAY STREET, N. Y.

LADIES!

We want active Lady Correspondents for our New Rubber Under Garment for Ladies, Bosom Forms, Dress Shields, Rubber Aprons, Rubber gloves, Children's Necessities, etc. We have lots of ladies making big pay. Send 4c. postage for illustrated catalogue. Address: CHL AGO SPECIALTY CO., 23 E. Division St., Chicago, Ill.

Table Scarfs.

Given as a Premium for a Club of Only 8 Subscribers at 25 Cents Each per Year.



Special offers in table covers, scarfs, and square covers made of felt and embroidered on each end or in each corner, to be thrown over tables, workstands, &c.; are now among the most popular pieces of fancy work. They are very ornamental and easy to finish. These table covers are sold at the stores at from \$1 to \$3 each, but by a special arrangement we can make the following great offer: We will send a table scarf 15 inches wide and 50 inches long, made of any color felt desired, stamped on each end ready to be worked, with designs of your own choosing, either for Kensington embroidery, Ribbon work, Tanil or Outline embroidery. Given for only 8 subscribers, or 60 cts. For 15 cents extra we will send 25 skeins of silk, assorted colors, with which to work the designs.

Offer No. 2.—We will send a felt stand cover, any color, one yard square, with designs stamped in each corner, for only 12 subscribers, or \$1.00.

Offer No. 3.—We will send a large square table cover, one-and-a-half yards each way, stamped in the corners according to directions, for 20 subscribers, or \$1.75.

Order now, and have ample time to work your Christmas presents.

TIDIES STAMPED READY TO BE WORKED.

Given as a Present for a Club of Only 4 Subscribers, at 25 Cents Each per Year.

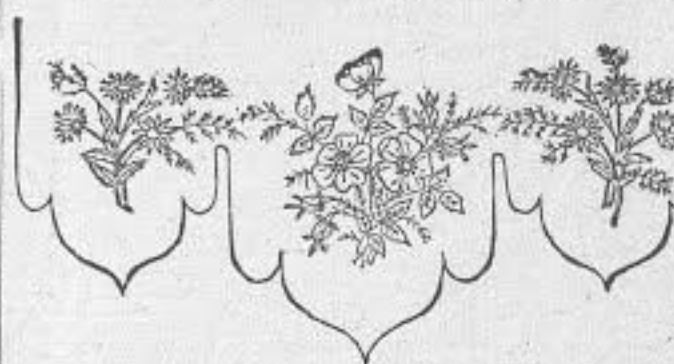


These elegant Tidies are 14x18 inches in size, are made of the very best quality of felt, and the same are sold in all the stores at from 40c. to 50c. each. You can select the color of felt you like, and have it stamped with any design you wish, either for Kensington or Outline, or Ribbon embroidery, all ready to be embroidered.

With these Tidies we give a book, which teaches the stitches used in Kensington embroidery, giving a full and explicit description as to how to work the same; and also, a lesson in Kensington and Outline painting. We will send one of these Tidies and the book of stitches, for a club of only 4 subscribers or 25 cents.

Bracket Lamberquin.

GIVEN AS A PRESENT FOR A CLUB OF ONLY 4 SUBSCRIBERS, AT 25 CENTS EACH PER YEAR.

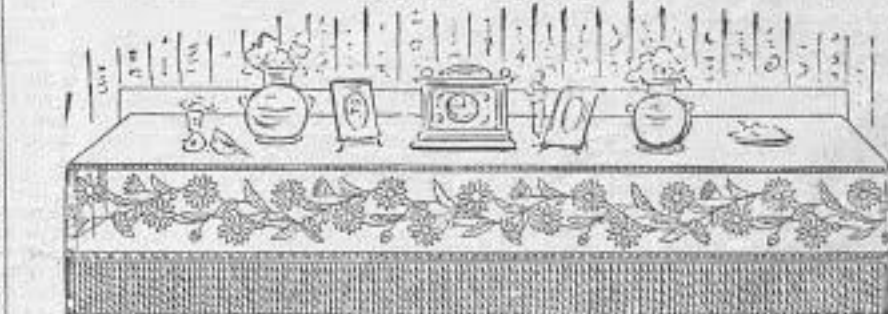


These Lamberquins are made of felt, the same as the Tidies, on any color you may choose; they are 12x20 inches in size, and are exceedingly ornamental when finished.

We will send one of these Lamberquins and the book of stitches, for only four new subscribers, or 35 cents.

Mantle Lamberquin.

GIVEN AS A PREMIUM FOR A CLUB OF ONLY 12 SUBSCRIBERS AT 25 CENTS EACH PER YEAR.



For the past year or two it has been the fashion to cover the mantelpieces with an embroidery a foot or more in width in front. These drop-eries usually cost from \$1.50 to \$2.00, but we will send a lamberquin 18½ inches wide and 2 yards long, of any color, and stamped as desired, for a club of only 12 subscribers, or \$1.30.

LINEN SPLASHERS.

GIVEN AS A PRESENT FOR ONLY 6 SUBSCRIBERS AT 25 CENTS PER YEAR EACH.



These are designed to be placed back of a washstand to protect the wall from being soiled by being splattered. They are embroidered mostly in outline with cotton or etching silk, and are washable. They are finished by fringing and draw a work, according to taste. We will send one Splasher and three skeins of French cotton for a club of only 6 subscribers, or 50 cents.

We have all the new and latest designs. One of the most popular premiums we have to offer. Only six subscribers required to secure it. Easily done, by simply showing a copy of this paper to your friends or neighbors. Splashes mailed to any address, postage paid.

A SILK PLUSH ALBUM!

GIVEN FOR 50 SUBSCRIBERS AT 25 CENTS EACH PER YEAR.



An elegant silk plush Photograph Album holding 25 cabinet, 2 panel, and 24 card portraits. Soft padded sides with round corners, openings for portraits beveled; fine nickel extension clasps. The word "Album" in fine nickel letters. The finest quality of silk plush is used, guaranteed to contain no cotton. Extra size, 9½x11. Thoroughly well made in every way, and will wear for years. It takes 50 subscribers to get it, but it is something well worth working for to one who wishes the finest goods only. This is the best album made; regular price \$5.25. Can be sent by mail for 15 cents extra.

We give this elegant Album for 50 subscribers at 25 cents each, or we will give it for 40 subscribers and 50 cents extra in cash; or for 30 subscribers and \$1.00 extra in cash; or for 20 subscribers and \$1.50 extra in cash; or we will sell it at the regular price of the manufacturers, \$5.25.

Mailing, 10 cents extra, or sent by express well packed, recipient to pay express charges.

For a holiday, birthday, or wedding present, nothing could be better than this splendid album. It is not too soon to commence getting things for Christmas. A club of 50 can easily be secured in a few days.

MAGIC LANTERN!

GIVEN FOR 20 SUBSCRIBERS AT 25 CENTS EACH PER YEAR, OR FOR ONLY 12 SUBSCRIBERS AND 50 CENTS EXTRA IN CASH.



Magic Lantern with fine lenses, coal oil lamp, 12 four Colored Slides containing 40 Views; Screen, Posters, Programmes and Tickets.

Home Entertainments.

The large picture suggests the pleasant evenings which may be in store for the boys and girls who obtain this instrument. With this magic lantern very fine entertainments can be given to friends and neighbors.

A DELIGHTFUL AND PROFITABLE PASTIME FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

We can now send a Magic Lantern complete, for only 20 new subscribers; or a small Club can be used in half an hour by any bright boy. The lenses are 2½ and the same as used in high priced lanterns. We also send views, show-bills, tickets, and full instructions, enabling any person who gets a lantern to give delightful evening entertainments in churches, school rooms, and their own homes, charging an admission of 10 cents or more, and make 40 and upwards, on each exhibition.

How to Earn Money With It.

Become familiar with the lantern and views, select a convenient evening to give your exhibition, then announce it and sell the tickets to your neighbors and friends, or give an exhibition for the benefit of a church Sunday-school, or charitable object, and thus enlist many others to sell tickets.

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
FALL FASHIONS.

Some of the New Materials for Autumn—How
They are Combined—Just Introduced
Styles in Toilettes.

One of the most acceptable features of the new styles, is that the garments are largely constructed in combinations. Plain materials are used with stripes, corded, figured, brocaded, embossed, goods, and what is still more convenient, only fancy regulates what manner of texture to make up one with another, for instance: light weight velvet is used with the gossamer gauzes, and lace over satin is combined with heavy velvets, serges and cloths are trimmed with velvets, and cashmeres and merinos are finished with soft serges.

Embroidered and brocaded woollens are shown to go with almost every grade of fabric. The ground in these goods are in the tone of the plain fabric with which they are to go, while the figures come in a darker shade of the same hue, or in a pleasantly contrasting color. Silks too, come in the same varieties, indeed the figured woollen goods show designs that are copied after those in the silks of last season.

A new fabric specially manufactured to combine with cloth or plain velvet is called Cord-Du-Lacine, which comes in all the new and approved colors of plain velvet and cloth, has an attractive ribbed surface, and is particularly adapted to the construction of tailor-made jackets, perfect-fitting basques, and to form such portions of combination costumes as are made plain, such as pinstripes, panels, collars and cuffs.

A reliable foreign authority says of the coming materials that canvas and pique are the favored fabrics. Noting that it is smooth or closely woven is considered on edge, everything is coarse and rough. The Khayyam serge introduced in the spring has become the most popular material for fall and winter wear, because it has been thoroughly tested by ladies of fashion, and is known to possess certain qualifications which render it desirable. It is artistic, handsome and durable; can be worn in damp and salt atmosphere without injury; and if by chance it should become soiled it will launder like canvas. This serge for winter comes in all the rich dark hues and neutral tones. There are many self-colored fabrics characterized by fancy weavings, but as a rule all plain colored goods are intended to be made up with stripes. Another new fabric is something like hunting and is called Mountain haze.

Our illustration shows a costume of Panama matting, a new and peculiar fabric with inter-plaited ground, which can be used for combinations or to form entire costumes, as only the front and front sides of the figures are to be seen, we leave to imagination the full puffed effect of the finished back.

Tinsel is interpolated with diagonal stripes, when they display knickerbocker stripes, a term which means loose and soft—apparent on the surface.

Public spirited or patriotic ladies will be glad to learn that our American silks

are popular abroad as well as at home for their wearing capacity. Indeed some of these silks seem determined never to wear out, however, like Fin's Irish poplin, when American silk is in black, or any good color, it can be made over to advantage as long as a piece of it lasts. The Cheney silk does not rub shiny nor break in gathers and plaits, nor does exposure to damp atmosphere injure it, as moisture will any of the "loaded" silks, which are made stiff with gum.

Our domestic serges are also worthy of approbation, for they look and wear quite as well as the imported specimens. These serges come in dark rich hues, also with solid grounds and printed or embroidered designs, and for trimming purposes in check and plaids in two or more color combinations.

Toilettes of all the above fabrics can be made either plain or elaborate, just as one may fancy, for one style is quite as fashionable as the other; the plain round skirt with the plain or full bodice, basque or sash is worn, but if you wish to use quantities of draperies and trimmings you can do so.

For a young lady a neat dress has a blouse bodice with a short round basque fastened round the waist with a belt. This bodice is gathered front and back on to a plain square shoulder piece; the sleeves are gathered at the wrists onto plain bands matching the belt. The skirt is arranged in wide treble plaits and trimmed with a band of figured material, over this there is a very short tunic skirt draped up very high in front and looped up with a sort of puff at the back.

Chemise and silk net-work are very fashionable and will soon be taking the place of open work materials in walking dresses.

"Giant" braid is the novelty in trimmings for garments of cloth and serge. It is a pronounced braid with defined meshes, and finishes very handsomely.

Walking skirts are generally made plain, and are trimmed round the lower edge with one wide or two or three narrow plaits of the material. Above this comes a skirt of some fancy goods, gathered at the waist, but slightly in front, and in large round plaits at the back. The bodice to be worn with such skirts is formed in front of a gathered plastron, coming down into a long fan-shaped plaiting to the foot of the dress, with a small belt in the shape of a V. At the back there is a similar one which is fastened down in the middle. This is placed over an ordinary plain bodice. The sides and sleeves of this bodice are alone visible.

Costumes of Bison cloth and Khayyam serge are most effectively trimmed with the new woollen laces which now come in all the new shades of dress materials. These woollen laces are used to form plastrons, panels, scarfs and draperies en-suite with ruffles and edgings of the same design as the nettings. The laces can be arranged over the dress materials, or, if desirable, in the same position but over lining of serge, cashmeres, silk or satin, in some bright contrasting color from the hue of the hue of the dress fabric.

RELIABLE BLACK DRESS GOODS.

No toilettes are more elegant and serviceable than those in black, and as black never goes out of fashion, a dress of good material can be refreshed or made over for many seasons so long as a piece of the original fabric lasts. In buying black one should, in the first place, be careful to select a desirable quality goods of the best materials, perfectly prepared, and then to have such fabrics made into a dress in a style that is not common, and will not soon go out of fashion, and whether the toilette be for mourning or ordinary wear,—for black is to be worn on all occasions,—it will be always ready and always stylish.

Priestley's black dress fabrics are made of the best silk and the best Australian wool, and can be thoroughly recommended for being kept up to the approved standard in quality, weight, width and finish, so that Priestley's black dress goods have the reputation of being absolutely reliable. In these black fabrics there are the silk warp Henriettas, in two shades, jet or mourning and blue-black for ordinary wear, which are shown in various grades, and in weights for all seasons; striped Henrietta, a beautiful fabric, and cloths in the Melrose weave, one of Priestley's own concoctions, which rank the same as the Henriettas.

Hints for Home Dress Makers.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Mrs. R. M. Hills." Woodbury, N. J.—The bodice you mention will not do for a stout figure. The wide plaited basque at the back adds precisely what is not wanted, namely: an increased appearance of breadth. Make your bodice after this model which has a moderately long point in front, short basque at the side, the side piece of the back cut without a plait, as if it were to join a pointed back, and the two halves each forming a double or treble box plait, divided in the center below the waist. The pointed side piece is shorter than this plait and disappears under it. You will find these narrow box plaited basque very becoming, and they may begin about an inch and a half below the waist; the chief point is to omit the plait from the side piece.

"Rose Newfield."—The fawn cashmeres will be very pretty for your tea gown, so you need not get the other material. Use cashmere for the back and sides of the garment, but make the front of the blue serge covered with a lace plastron, and flounces, or as you have quite enough serge you can make a gauged and puffed plastron long enough to extend from the neck to the lower skirt edge, with gauged sleeves of serge to correspond.

"Earnest Dressmaker."—Glad the information was of service to you. Shall be pleased to answer such questions at any time for the benefit of our lady readers. Yes, panels, collars, cuffs, revers, and pastrons, all require a stiff or moderately stiff lining: Crinoline is used but Leno answers best, as it is less harsh and less likely to chafe and cut the material at the edges, than even Victoria lawn. To such costumes as you mention there must be a foundation skirt about two yards and twelve inches round, and if this is well cut and the fullness brought to the back, it can be worn without stress and without tying the skirt back. Fashion dictates that there should be no appearance of tying back or straining the skirt of a dress, even the skirts that fall straight and flat should flow easily from the waist, and this effect is realized by sloping the gorge and front with very little at the top, and fitting them to the figure by a series of small plaits.

"Elsie Warner."—You are mistaken and your friend is right; Sharpless Bros. establishment is both wholesale and retail, and through the mail order department you can get one small article or a full line of goods in everything pertaining to dress or housekeeping. Write directly to Sharpless Bros., Chestnut and Eighth Sts., Phila., Pa., for dressmakers outfit, specifying desired articles.

"Home Lover."—No; the magazine you mention is not published in New York. It is entirely novel in character, and contains valuable reading matter of interest to ladies who need instructions upon domestic and social topics, as well as fashions. It is issued quarterly by Strawbridge & Clothier, Market and Eighth Sts., Phila., Pa.

All letters asking for specified samples must contain 4 cts. in stamps. Address: Fashion Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, 441 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

SHARPLESS BROS.,
FALL FASHIONS!!
NOVELTIES IN FABRICS & GARMENTS.

Inquiries Answered About Late Styles; Estimates Given of OUTFITS IN DRESS and HOUSE FURNISHING.
Specified Samples Sent and Commissions Promptly Executed.

Write for COLOR CARD, and CIRCULAR of INFORMATION regarding the NEW METHOD of sending all ARTICLES and GOODS Purchased through the Mail Order Department, FREE OF COST FOR TRANSPORTATION!

Address:
SHARPLESS BROTHERS,
CHESTNUT AND EIGHTH STREETS,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Priestley's Silk Warp Henriettas
ARE THE MOST

THOROUGHLY RELIABLE GOODS in the market. They are always the same in Width, Weight, Quality and Shade. They are made of the finest SILK and BEST AUSTRALIAN WOOL.

H. C. F. KOCH & SON,
6th AVE. & 20th ST., N. Y. CITY,
Pub 15th September 5th, 1885.

Fall and Winter Fashion Catalogue.

A complete guide as to What to Wear & Where to Buy economically everything for Ladies, Gents, Children and Infants wear. Housekeeping Goods, etc. Beautifully illustrated with Fashion Plates and about 2,000 Engravings. Prices lower than in any other house in the United States. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Sent free to any address not in immediate vicinity of New York or Philadelphia. "The domestic jar" and "family breakers" of almost every description may be mended with L.E. PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE.

EIGHT
Excellent reasons why every Lady should wear

BALL'S



CORSETS

- 1st. They need no breaking in.
- 2d. INVALIDS can wear them with ease and comfort, as they yield to every movement of the body.
- 3d. They do not compress the most vital parts of the wearer.
- 4th. They will fit a greater variety of forms than any other make.
- 5th. Owing to their peculiar construction they will last TWICE AS LONG as an ordinary Corset.
- 6th. They have had the unqualified endorsement of every Physician who has examined them.
- 7th. They have given universal satisfaction to all ladies who have worn them, the common remark being,

"WE WILL NEVER WEAR ANY OTHER MAKE."

8th. They are the only Corset that the wearer is allowed three weeks trial, and if not found perfectly satisfactory in every respect the money is refunded.

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THE LADIES' JOURNAL

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THE HOUSE ON A BACK STREET.

BY MARY ABBOTT RAND.

Dallie's father was a painter, a house painter, I mean, not an artist. Among Mrs. Skittles' numerous woes, not the slightest was this that she must always breathe an atmosphere of oil and turpentine.

If she chanced to pass a freshly-painted house, the Dalrymple nose would become perceptibly elevated and she would exclaim "Dear me! Mr. Skittles! How that brings you to mind!"

Poor Mr. Skittles did his best to keep his business from annoying his wife. He had established an impromptu dressing-room behind the wood-shed door, where an unsportsuit hung by day and a painter's blouse and overalls by night. He was careful not to appear in this last regalia in the presence of his wife. But he was always welcome to Dallie, whether he wore the tidy, well-kept suit of brown or was covered with as many paint samples as an artist's pallet. She had a childish fashion of talking to the familiar brown suit when her father was away.

Mr. Skittles had few holidays. He was always striving to procure some luxury his wife was withholding from him and it was necessary to keep steadily at work to supply both luxuries and necessities.

The Westcott Dalrymples had, it is true, an aristocratic reputation, but very little money, and the fact was, though she would never admit it—Mellie Dalrymple had really never been so comfortable in worldly goods as since she married the industrious painter, Hiram Skittles.

There was to be a union picnic of the Sunday schools a few weeks after Mr. Mellie set forth on his travels.

"I think it is my duty to go and take Dalrymple whined Mrs. Skittles, at the breakfast table. 'Though I feel such a care always when she is with me. She does get stared at so, and then some of those superintendents think it is their duty to shake hands with everybody and introduce everybody. I am afraid that a chance acquaintance made at such a time might make trouble with Dalrymple.'"

"Oh mother, mother!" exclaimed Dallie impatiently for her, "If you would only let me alone!"

"That is the way!" wailed Mrs. Skittles. "That is all the thanks we poor mothers have for our solicitude."

Dallie was swift with apologies and comforting words, but there was deeper regret when she spoke to her father.

"Oh, papa dear! If you were only going too I should be so glad!"

"I know it, pet, and so should I. But Mr. Bingham is in a tearing hurry to get his house painted. He just stands below and bosses us men until we are nearly crazy. I couldn't get off before afternoon, no how. I'll try to then, if it is a possible thing. Look out for me by the 1 o'clock train, dear."

"What's that?" piped Mrs. Skittles from the kitchen door. She held her handkerchief to her face, for her husband was arrayed in his working clothes and she fancied she could already detect the obnoxious odor of turpentine.

"What's that?" she repeated. "You going to the picnic? Well, I only hope you'll allow time to get off all trace of paint, or the day will be spoiled for me."

The long suffering husband repressed a sharp reply which might justly enough have been flung back, and, with one more good-by to Dallie, he was off.

Mrs. Skittles, with a martyr air dressed for the picnic. In her heart she was glad to go and Dallie well knew it. There was little of the belle now in the face of the nervous and faded woman, but she still cherished the belief that she was uncommonly good-looking, and claimed for herself at least half the admiring glances bestowed upon her beautiful daughter.

The morning passed gaily as mornings generally do at picnics. Fresh toilets are as yet unstained, babies have not become tired and cross, children are not overloaded with lemonade and ice cream, rash boys have not tumbled out of swings nor drowned themselves in the lakes, lovers have not quarreled;—in fact everything is in that perfect state where anticipation has just met realization.

There was a pleasant confusion of table spreading. Some of the party were walking to the station to meet the incoming train which would bring an accession of picnickers. Dallie was one of these. She had established her mother comfortably upon a bench under the shady trees, for Mrs. Skittles was never one of the active workers on such occasions. Her constitution would not permit it, she said.

As Dallie drew near the station, the train had arrived and laughing groups were hurrying up to the picnic grounds. Dallie looked intently for her father, but was disappointed;—the good, honest face she had hoped to see was nowhere among the passengers. She turned about and was nearly retracting her steps when a boy accosted her.

He had shot from the train the first one and had already made the tour of the grove, not find-

ing the one he sought. Now, he put a yellow enveloped message in Dallie's trembling hand.

Dallie's was one of those natures that cannot faint and burden others in awful extremities. Before she opened the envelope, she experienced that fearful sensation of a blow on the head and a strangling in the throat that accompany the hearing of shocking news. She realized that the saddest thing that could happen to her was about

Sometimes, it is plainly because they are made a means of discipline to others.

Sometimes, alas! we cannot find any earthly reason or excuse for their existence and must leave the conundrum as unanswered in this world but to be answered in "our next."

Dallie grew only the lovelier under the trying discipline. True, the old, glad expression had gone—the pink in her cheeks was fainter and the



THE HOUSE ON A BACK STREET.—"DON'T BE DOWN-HEARTED, MISS DALLIE, I HAVE AN IDEA!"

to happen. This swift premonition prepared her somewhat for this brief message from her family physician.

"Your father fell from a staging—dangerously hurt. Come at once."

"A. F. THORNE, M. D."

Grief and anxiety were at their height, and now torture added its sting, for it was simply torture to tell Mrs. Skittles what had happened and endure the selfish plaints she uttered. Strongest of Dallie's sensations was the unbroken prayer—"Oh spare him till we get home!"

That prayer was answered. The poor girl was in time, only in time to hear his good-by.

"God bless you, my little Dallie! I wouldn't have shocked your mother in this way if I could have helped it. It was the staging give way—not I. The men will tell you so. God take care of you both and He'll comfort you yet, Dallie, after many days."

"He did not address any special remarks to me," mused the widow to a neighbor a few days later. "It was all Dallie with him, first and last."

"Lucky your husband had his life insured," observed the neighbor, changing the subject pleasantly.

"Yes—for my benefit," sighed the widow complacently.

Dallie would have none of this "blood money" as she felt it to be. For once in her life, she would have her own way. She insisted upon earning her own living. She applied for a vacancy as book-keeper, but, before engaging the place, a position as teacher was offered her in the primary school. Dallie loved little children, and on assuming the role of teacher, she blossomed into a dignity and enthusiasm that left nothing to be desired in the opinion of both scholar and supervisor. But though happy when busy in the school-room, her heart sank like lead when she came in sight of her own dear home. Sometimes, she would linger in the wood-shed and whisper fondly to the brown suit that still hung in its accustomed place behind the door.

"Poor, blamed, banished papa!" she would cry, and put the empty sleeves around her neck and dry her hot tears against them.

Then she would suppress her emotion and go in to cheer up her mother who always saved for Dalrymple a list of the domestic discomforts of the day,—all of her own unhappy moods and tenes— all the failings of long suffering Cressy, the maid-of-all-work. And then as a finale she would mean the refrain of all her grief,— "If your poor papa had only lived!"

Friends and neighbors often reiterated a part of this regret—"If Mr. Skittles had only lived," with the additional remark, "and if Mrs. Skittles had only been taken."

It is a mystery indeed that generally the brightest, the best and most useful members of a family are first allowed entrance to the Better Home.

Sometimes, it is plainly because the ill-tempered and hot-tempered have not yet made ready.

droop of her shoulders and her languid walk showed she was overworking and lacked the inspiration of love.

Months grew to years. Changes came to other homes. Many of Dallie's old school-mates went to homes of their own. It was rumored that Mr. Mellie had given up his law business entirely and would devote himself to mining interests in a distant land. Subsequently, the report came that he had lost everything. One confirmation of this report was that Mrs. Skittles was notified to pay the rent money into the hands of a new agent.

Strangers soon took possession of the neighboring mansion which held poor Dallie's vain dreams.

The familiar garden was speedily transformed into a very different looking spot. Most of the old shrubs were uprooted,—the terrace graded into one velvet slope; and, on its bank, the skillful gardener, before many weeks had formed in rich mosaic of foliage plants,—a brilliant cross.

It seemed to Dallie that it rested on her heart rather than on the green earth.

The mansion was lively with voices, young and old, but the children were seldom permitted in the grounds where the old English gardener held sway. When they went out for an airing, they were too elaborately dressed to play, and a cupped and aproned nurse walked beside them to see that their toilettes were not disarranged.

On one of the rare occasions when the little ones walked in the garden, with the nurse saying "shoo" on this side and the gardener saying "shoo" on the other, as if they were so many trespassing chickens, Mrs. Skittles sat by Dallie's chamber window, mournfully gazing out upon the scene.

"Look here a minute, Dalrymple!" said she. "Don't you think Squire Mellie would have let his children play there? He liked those old-fashioned snow-ball bushes and lilacs and the roses—what a master hand he was for roses! Oh, Dalrymple, I'm afraid I made a mistake. But you see I wanted you all to myself. Will you forgive me, child?"

"Don't speak of it, poor mother!" said Dallie. "It can't be helped now."

"But, Dalrymple," persisted her mother. "I must say something. Did you ever have any other bean but him? Oh, Dalrymple, what if you should be an old maid?"

A look of scorn that was strange to Dallie's sweet face contracted her lips for an instant, but it gave place instantly to her usual, noble expression.

"Don't worry about that, mother," she said. "There could never be but one love for me, any more than there could be more than one papa."

"As to that," said the widow, with a silly smile. "I may say you have had more than once chance of another papa and I have not decided what answer I shall give to old Dr. Thorne on the subject. Don't be foolish, Dalrymple."

Oh, the bitterness of having a mother so unlike

in every respect that there could be no sympathy! Yet before the sacred name of mother, Dallie could check an indignant reply.

"It is not pleasant to speak of anything so unpleasant and unlikely, mamma," said she gently and walked out of the room, lest she should say more.

From this time, Mrs. Skittles' thoughts centered upon a new worry,— "What if Dalrymple should be an old maid?"

The poor girl had cause to blush more than once because of her mother's attempts at matchmaking. When the new minister, in his round of pastoral invitation, called at "the house on the back street," Mrs. Skittles astonished him with her remark,— "What do you think, Mr. Ballard! I was engaged at sixteen, and married at eighteen, and here's my daughter, still in the market at twenty-eight!"

Of course, the minister was disgusted with the widow's evident angling, but he observed the closer and with increasing admiration the daughter in question.

In fact, he gave Dallie the trouble of refusing him, as she had refused many suitors before.

Mrs. Skittles was none the wiser, though it might have soothed her troubled soul had she known that Dallie was appreciated.

By the time Dallie was thirty a new trial came to her. She was obliged to give up her congenial occupation of teaching and devote herself entirely to her mother. The nervous tendencies which Mrs. Skittles had shown for years, now developed in alarming proportions and were pronounced by the far-seeing Dr. Thorne as insanity. Kind neighbors soon discovered that the poor lady should be placed in some quiet retreat where the best care would ensure her safety and, at the same time relieve Dallie from an intolerable burden.

"You are wrong," urged a friendly neighbor, as Dallie declared her intention to take care of her mother herself. "You have given up your whole life to her, already. Now, she does not know one person from another. She would kill you in one minute, when her raving moods are upon her. Why will you do it?"

"She is my mother," said Dallie simply, "and she is all I have in the world to care for."

And care for her she did till the tortured, raving spirit slept in heavenly rest, its disease forever cured,—its sins forgiven, and, let us hope, its power of tormenting taken away by Him who of old cast the devils out of women, and men as well.

The day she died, Mrs. Skittles reason returned for one brief glimmer.

"Poor Dalrymple!" she sighed. "God will make it up to you after so many days."

Shortly after her mother died, Dallie received a notification from the agent to whom she was accustomed to hand the rent, that the house she occupied had again been sold and that she must look for a new home, as the present owner wished to take possession as soon as possible.

Poor Dallie! How she loved the little home where all her life had been spent. How could she give it up! She fairly broke down as she never had done before, and all her woes seemed dissolving into tears that would have their way.

As she was thus overcome with this last grief, Dr. Thorne happened to call and of course she had to explain her trouble.

After a few moments' consideration, the good man said: "Don't be so down-hearted about it, Miss Dallie. I have an idea. Maybe this man that has bought the house would let you retain a room or two. I know him,—he hasn't much of a family and he is kind-hearted and accommodating, I promise you."

I suppose you don't feel much like meeting strangers, but I shall ask him to call round here this very evening and we will have this matter attended to without delay."

"Oh, I don't dare to hope!" smiled Dallie through her tears, but it was plain she did hope very strongly, for she had known Dr. Thorne so many years and he was not a man to offer unlikely encouragement.

After tea, when Cressy had washed the dishes and gone out, Dallie went about the dear, old home, from room to room, talking to each familiar spot as if it were a cognizant spirit.

"Oh, I hope I shan't have to give you up! Dr. Thorne says perhaps I may stay."

The door-bell startled her.

"The new owner!" she exclaimed.

It chanced that Cressy had carelessly left the front door ajar, and immediately after ringing, the new owner saw this opportunity of entering which he improved and took possession at once. Took possession not only of the dear home itself but of its mistress's trembling, little hands, as she was coming from the bright sitting-room into the shaded hall.

"Oh Dimple!" he cried, glad to notice that the alarm in her face was giving place to utter joy—"After so many, many days!"

We can imagine what long and interesting stories each had to tell the other—stories of over fifteen hard years.

At last, they both felt that dying prayers had been answered and that God had indeed made it up to them "after many days."

They felt so truly, but the less sanctified neighbors sometime—

—as Mrs. Skittles said—

ly took more than belonged to her when, without other reason than her unwillingness to part from her daughter she forced her to give up a lover, in every way desirable, so that the brightest days of youth were lost to them both.

However there is not now a happier pair in town than Mr. and Mrs. Mellis, though early youth is gone and wealth is gone.

They even looked serenely and without envy on the English gardeners' floral abomination on the velvet slope they can see from their kitchen windows.

They are happy that they can spend their lives together in "the little house on the back street."

THE END.

LITTLE MRS. MILFORD'S ECONOMY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

"Aunt Eliza," said Fred Milford with elaborate politeness, will you have a piece of the—the meat? It is hardly necessary for me to introduce it to you by name. You have already met it four times at my table within the last two days."

Little Mrs. Milford looked distressed and a silent tear stole down her cheek which she tried to hide by stooping down to pick up an imaginary napkin.

"My dear," said he with suppressed impatience—"It is fresh beef we pickle in salt water not cold mutton. Tears don't add anything of savor to cold mutton, they are in fact only an added aggravation," and he finished his dinner in moody silence while Mrs. Milford tried to swallow a few morsels of the bone (or leg rather) of contention, and Aunt Eliza tried to look unconscious and serene, a laudable effort in which she succeeded admirably, considering the circumstances and her exceedingly uncomfortable situation.

When Fred had put on a clean collar brushed his hair and given the front door that final slam which is so peculiarly soothing to masculine feelings, little Mrs. Milford sat down and just "had her cry out" spite of Aunt Eliza's presence.

She wasn't called "little Mrs. Milford" because there was any other Mrs. Milford large or old, to contrast her with, for Fred was almost alone in the world possessing only this Aunt Eliza before spoken of (and Mrs. Milford herself was an only child and an orphan as well) but because the whole town of Avondale had considered "little Nellie Wray" nothing but a little girl until Fred Milford had announced his intention of marrying her the coming fall.

All that was two years ago, and now after a term of boarding they had concluded that they would try housekeeping—that was two months and to-day finds them in a rather ruffled state as to temper and with a rather contracted bill-of-fare.

"I d-d-don't care," sobbed little Mrs. Milford—"I just can't help it—He d-d-d-laughed at the frizzled beef this morning—I s-s-saw him—though he didn't say anything—and he made fun of the cold m-m-mutton to-day—and I just c-c-c-an't help it—I d-d-d all I can and he's always talking about economy—I just hate the word and sometimes I feel as if I just almost hated him, too, he can be so horrible!" and she rocked herself to and fro in her despair—"If he won't eat cold meat I can't see how I can't eat it," she added piteously, after she was a little composed—"Can I, Aunt Eliza?" hoping for some gleam of comfort from that kindly old face.

Aunt Eliza was placed in an exceedingly awkward position, but like many another woman she was equal to an uncomfortable occasion.

"My dear," she said, clearing her throat and a roving Nellie's head by way of gaining a little time and settling her ideas to suit the moment, "My dear I didn't think he was laughing at the frizzled beef, he was laughing at the fact."

"The fact?" asked Nellie wonderingly.

"Yes, the fact. The frizzled beef was nice—no nicest I ever tasted. By-the-way how do you do it—I'd like the recipe very much. Then Nellie told (quite charmed at the prospect of teaching anybody anything out of her very limited stock of knowledge) how she made this pan real hot first, and then put the butter in and let that brown, then the beef (chopped very fine and thin almost shreds) which she kept stirring all the time that it might only frizzle, not brown—then how she sifted a little flour on the meat as she stirred (that was according to how thick you liked the gravy) because it never lumped then as it was sure to do if you put it in after the milk went in—and last how she added the milk and just let it come to a good boil and then took it off immediately, the whole thing not taking more than five minutes to be done properly.

"Now then, dearie," resumed Aunt Eliza, "it is just as I said, you see—it was not the beef, because that could not be nicer, but the fact that he had already had it two mornings in succession."

"Well," said Nellie growing dejected again—"he is always preaching economy, economy—that is a very economical thing to have I'm sure. Don't you think I'm economical? (ugh! how I've grown to hate that word I've heard so much of it) I'm sure I try hard enough," and she looked earnestly at Aunt Eliza hoping again for a word of approval.

Aunt Eliza hesitated a moment—"No, Nellie dear I don't think you are what I would call economical."

"Why auntie! she exclaimed in amazement—"If there's another woman in this town that saves and goes without things more than I do, I'd like to be introduced," and Nellie looked as fierce as a young bantam who had been mistaken for a wren.

"Oh, my dear there's just where it is! Saving you certainly are—go without you certainly do—but there is a great difference between being saving and being economical although I admit the latter includes the former," as the grammar books say.

"Well you do talk in riddles. As near as I can make out a person can be saving and economical at the same time and still be neither."

"I admit that what I said sounds a little paradoxical"—and good natured Aunt Eliza laughed. She could afford to laugh, she had fought a hard fight with life in her early days and had won, and was now rich in experience, to be a benefit to others—"But I'll try to explain myself—I heard you lamenting this morning the want of a rug to put at your inner kitchen door. My dear no doubt you will be amazed when I tell you you you throw away a rug for that door yesterday morning."

"I threw away a rug?"

"You throw away a rug," and Aunt Eliza nodded her head as one who knows whereof she speaks.

"Well I should admire to know," as Uncle Joe used to say "just when that was."

"Well now I'll tell you, for this thing just il-

lustrates my point. You sold to the rag man for a few cents what seemed to me about a bushel of old stockings."

"Well I admit, said Nellie laughing that there were a good many, but they have been collecting since I couldn't tell when. I suppose you mean that if I had worn those stockings longer I would have had enough money saved for my mat. But I'm sure auntie if you had examined those stockings as critically as I have from time to time, you would have seen that from their exceedingly be-darned condition that they were not only really beyond repair but not worth giving to a mortal soul."

"My dear, you absolutely fail to catch my intention. I mean those individual stockings in just their beyond repair condition were exactly what you want for your mat."

"Well! well! live and learn. Behold in me a very much befogged and perhaps exceedingly dull but very eager pupil. Pray expound." Nellie's spirits were rising now and she would soon be her old self under the genial influence of Aunt Eliza's kindly counsel.

"If you had done as I have done lots of times you would have taken those same bright colored stocking legs, cut them round and round in places a little wider than your finger, down to the last good thread, then you would have placed them together somehow (I tie mine in a small compact knot, you could sew yours if you prefer) and you would get a pair of stout wooden needles and you would have knit yourself a rug for your kitchen that would outlast many you could buy at an expense of a pair of needles which would be good to knit lots more. Now what I mean and want to say is, that to go without things when money is scarce, is to be saving, but to make the most of things at hand is to be economical. Do you see? You are not extravagant in any way. You are saving, but to go without a serviceable mat in your kitchen that you could have for a few hours work that you would hardly miss is not to be economical. Do you understand?"

Nellie thought she did.

"Now my dear you have asked me or I should not have given this advice. I am delighted that you should have begun to keep house and still more delighted that you did not wait till you could furnish a palace but concluded to build up a little home by degrees. But don't wait till you can get good things. There! there! wait till I'm done," as Nellie essayed to speak "I know exactly what you were going to say—'Fred says good things are always cheapest in the end'—I thought so—men always talk that way and they are in a measure right—but—listen. I may be perfectly sure that a good black silk will outlast any other kind I can get, but if a black silk cost one hundred dollars and I have but twenty-five what am I to do! Naturally, get the best I can for my money and be content with my lot. There never was a better piece of advice given to any one yet, than 'cut your coat according to your cloth.' To leave a guest chamber unfurnished while you are waiting for a walnut marble-topped set of furniture because good things are cheapest in the end, when you can have a pretty cottage set for anywhere from thirty to fifty dollars is worse than folly. You are wasting your opportunities of exercising that most delightful of all privileges, hospitality. But cottage sets don't last. Beg your pardon, they do. Suppose however, for the sake of argument that they don't last more than ten years or even five in their pristine beauty; at the end of that time you will perhaps have saved enough to buy the coveted walnut set and will in the meantime have had no end of satisfaction in your cottage knowing that your guests have been neatly, comfortably and prettily lodged if nothing else."

"Aunt Eliza you are an inspiration! Will you help me?" exclaimed Nellie, with a determined look in her eyes. I dare say the house does look kind of bare to Fred, poor fellow, when he comes home. I'll try to make it different. But I haven't any taste."

"Plenty of taste my dear, but you either don't know or else you've forgotten. People that board year in and year out do forget because they have so little occasion to exercise. Now I'm going to be here one month—"

"Yes you're going to be here one month," interrupted Nellie, "and in that time you are going to reform the household, the housekeeping and me. Isn't that so?"

Aunt Eliza looked a little doubtful as to the result of such an experiment and pointed out to Nellie the difficulties in regard to such a plan, feeling that Nellie would chafe under an interference.

"Interference! Goodness knows I'd do anything to make Fred more comfortable, dear old fellow, (Aunt Eliza smiled slyly to herself) and if you can teach me how to do that I'm sure you'll be a blessing in this house. But madame may I ask," she demanded in mock humility "in what way old stocking legs and cottage furniture bear upon our bone of contention, the cold mutton bone?"

Aunt Eliza burst out laughing, glad to see the girl restored to a healthier condition of mind.

"A great deal."

"Well ma'am, will you regulate me in that respect also?"

"Yes, miss, if you are not impatient. When you begin to consider me officious pray let me know and I'll abdicate and let Fred take you in hand again."

"Well I shall begin by asking you what you have for breakfast."

"I absolutely don't know," and such a dejected look settled on her face that Aunt Eliza almost feared another flow of tears.

You see that Fred is up so late at work that he must sleep till the last minute in the morning and I must have something for breakfast that can be cooked quickly after he is up. He won't eat boiled eggs any more and he used to be so fond of them."

"Why won't he eat them?"

"Says he is tired of them."

"How often did he have them?"

Nellie blushed scarlet and reluctantly confessed that she had given them to him every morning for ten days till he absolutely rebelled, and then she had besieged him with frizzled beef.

"Will you let me do the cooking for one week?"

"Yes indeed, thankfully, on one condition—that I may ask as many questions as I please."

"Just as many as ever you want."

"All right. You cook and I'll watch."

"Now for breakfast. We'll raise the frizzled beef siege and begin on eggs again to-morrow morning."

"He won't eat them."

"Yes he will, see if he don't."

And sure enough the light omelette found great favor in the eyes of the head of the household, who did not even look anything unpleasant.

"Now see here Nellie, may I ask, for information purely, why you should have drowned

Fred in boiled eggs, when you might have poached them one morning, fried them the next, had omelette a third, and so on, etc., if eggs you must have. But there are some things that can be cooked and kept hot for a half hour without any detriment—potatoe croquettes (and very good they are too if they are made right) fritters, fried bread, ham omelette, oh! a thousand things you can have for breakfast."

"Well, I suppose I didn't think. In fact I don't really imagine that I knew any better."

Dinner time came and with it a piece of veal to roast.

"It is more than I wanted but I couldn't help it, Aunt Eliza. I suppose we shall suffer martyrdom till that roast of veal is gone, for we cannot afford to throw things away when we are done with them; we must wait till they are done with us."

"Indeed we shan't suffer from that. You'll see. What's that in the basket there?"

"Peas."

"Just the thing. Won't you shell them for me?"

"Stop! Where are you going?" exclaimed Aunt Eliza a half hour later as Nellie started out in the garden.

"Going to throw away the pods."

"Don't do anything of the kind. I'm going to make pea soup of them."

"Well you're the first person I ever saw who preferred the pod to the pea. You may cook the pods for yourself, but would you mind if I cook the peas for Fred and me. I know he won't care for pea pods."

"Nonsense! I want them all."

"Well now I am interested. Do for goodness sake tell me just what you are going to do."

"I'm going to make good, old-fashioned pea soup. Summer pea soup—not the stuff that the New Yorkers eat in the winter time."

"Proceed—the audience becomes enthusiastic."

"First I shall boil the pods for a long while in water enough to cover them thoroughly, until all the sweetness is extracted. Then I shall rub some butter and flour together, just enough to make my pea soup like thick cream, (plenty of butter, too) then I shall add about as much milk as I have juice, and when it boils well shall stir in my butter and flour. And to-night we'll have the soup first and the joint after. Quite a course dinner you perceive."

"Quite a fine dinner I should think," for which feeble attempt at a joke she was immediately banished from the kitchen.

When the roast came on and Fred contemplated the size of it as Nellie said afterwards, it was plain to be seen that he inwardly groaned and felt that for the next few days veal was to be the order of the day. And so in truth it was, because as Nellie said they couldn't afford to give things up, things must give up them. But that roast of veal he never saw again. The croquettes at breakfast, the side dish of veal salad which Fred imagined was chicken, much to Nellie's delight, or the savory veal stew next day, bore no traces of the original roast and Fred never suspected that he had had four separate and distinct dishes from off that one much regretted roast of veal.

It would be tiresome to specify all that happened, but after a little hint to Fred as to patience and kindly thought for Nellie's inexperience and womanly efforts to do her whole duty as a wife and housekeeper, Aunt Eliza took her departure at the appointed time leaving behind her a much more united household, with the parting remark and admonition to Nellie—"My dear, there is an old adage, a very homely one but a very true one, to the effect that the shortest, truest way to a man's heart is through his stomach. You are sure of Fred's heart. You know he loves you dearly. Now I advise you if you want to keep peace in the household—cultivate his stomach!"

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.) A PINK TEA PARTY.

Our pastor's salary was in arrears and the ladies of the church said "who can propose a way to raise funds to give a lift in this matter without resorting to necktie societies, grab bags, guess cakes or like lottery-tainted festivals."

There was a whispering among the girls, and then one of them whose home was in a large city but who was visiting relatives in our little, country village, said: "I think a pink tea party would be a successful undertaking, since it would be a novelty here and many outside the society would come for curiosity's sake and very probably would buy refreshments. At home, we—"

"A pink tea party! What is that?" interrupted half a score of voices, gathering round the city girl with interested faces.

"A pink tea—"

"Land sakes! I'm a pretty good judge of green tea and black tea and Young Hyson, but pink tea I never heard tell of afore. Are you sure there's no poison in it?"

It was cautious, honest, old Auntie Blagdon who interrupted the speaker this time.

"Keep still, everybody, and let Jennie explain," rang out a clear voice from the centre of the group, and Jennie continued.

"At home, our church society has held entertainments called pink tea parties. They do not differ very much from an ordinary circle supper excepting as many of the cakes as possible—which the ladies of the society send in gratuitously—are leed or frosted in pink. The tables, waiters, walls, everything, in fact, in the hall is dressed or draped in pink and the effect is very pretty and novel."

"Just the thing for this sleepy, little village," exclaimed an enthusiastic listener who had perched herself on the superintendent's desk, "The very name of the entertainment will wake up people and they will come to see and to criticize if for no other motive. But how can you make pink icing and frosting? Will currant or raspberry juice do it?"

"Yes, but not to give a bright, clear color. Poke berry juice—not poison poke—is best for this purpose, or you can use pink sugar, though it is not often offered for sale in country stores."

"My pink and white lawn will be just the thing to wear," a dreamy-faced young lady, whose thoughts seldom reached after a wistful subject than herself and if they did were sure to rebound, said musingly, "And my broad, pink sash and neck scarf will be very suitable for such an occasion."

"I shall wear a tie of crisp, pink, tissue paper. I cannot afford to buy ribbon just for one evening," wear," added Jennie's right-hand neighbor, and so the group in the vestry of the old stone church chattered on, suggesting, rejecting and eagerly seizing upon ideas that seemed advisable, and when they separated and had reached their own homes, every small boy on the street, and every shop-keeper at his door and housewife at her window, knew that a pink tea party was to be the next entertainment in town and were

mentally deciding they would go and see what the thing was like.

I have not space to tell you of all the plans, projects and perplexities they carried through or outside. We will skip all this and be ready to enter the hall door, as did the rest of Sleepy Hollow village, at an early hour the evening of June 28th.

The tables were arranged at one end of the long hall. They were spread with white damask covers, as usual, but over them was arranged a width of pink mosquito netting.

An abundant variety of cake and pie was there and nearly all was made pink with colored frosting and icing. There was no petty rivalry in culinary skill among the ladies of Sleepy Hollow, but on this occasion, each cook taxed her ingenuity to be able to carry to the hall a cake that should be a marvel of feathery lightness and as pink on its outside as it was delicious inside.

Roll jelly cakes were there, sliced and each section spread with pink colored icing.

Ribbons cakes were there smothered under a thick coat of frosting as pink as it was sweet.

The ice cream should have been pink but our resources of pink coloring juices failed.

I overheard one lady say if she only had a few cochineal bugs she would transform the color of that ice cream in a few moments. Perhaps it was well our drug store man was out of the commodity that evening.

A wire basket—who shall say it was designed for an ex nozzle?—was lined with crinkled and fringed tissue paper—pink of course—and then heaped with tiny, round cookies.

One of the centre cakes was baked in shape of a flaring basket, a strip of pink cardboard twined with vines, for its handle, the outside of cake thickly crusted with pink icing and the inside heaped with little, round crackers, each rolled when sizzling hot in pink sugar.

Fringed napkins of pink paper lay at each plate along the tables. All the lamps in the hall were decorated with shades of crimped pink tissue paper, and lengths of it, some plain, some scalloped and some frilled were draped and festooned about the hall in every possible place.

Banners of pink paper floated from the organ; streamers of it rustled at every window knob, long crinkled and fringed lengths of it were wound round and round the supporting pillars up and down the hall, till they looked like immense, gay June boxes.

The young men who acted as waiters, wore button-hole bouquets of pink flowers, and the girls, likewise employed, looked very fair and dainty in jaunty caps and aprons and tins of pink tissue paper, nearly all wearing white muslin or lawns sprinkled with pink flowers.

Our president had sent to the city and purchased six dozen pink flowered cups and saucers, their cost being ten cents a single cup and saucer. At the festival they were sold at twenty-five cents each, the cup filled with ice cream or strawberries and cream as the purchaser requested. To those who did not care for such a souvenir of the sociable, cream and berries were furnished at fifteen cents a saucer, the pretty pink dishes being retained by the society.

Admission tickets to pink party also included supper with the exception of ice cream and strawberries.

The proceeds of the party was thirty-three dollars, after deducting expenses for sugar, coffee, paper, netting and dishes. Everyone present seemed to enjoy themselves hugely and all pronounced our pink tea party a gratifying success.

JOHN'S WIFE.

MENTHOL.

Among the many discoveries in chemistry of late years Menthol is certainly one of the most important. It has been known to chemists to some extent for many years, but only gained commercial importance within the last year or so, by reason of its great consumption, in the manufacture of Menthol cones or pencils, which have proved the most convenient and practical way of using this valuable article by simply rubbing it over the affected parts. In cases of Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache, Earache, Fatigues, Rheumatism, and Sciatica its action is simply wonderful. Its use causes a warm, gentle smarting, followed by a thrilling sensation, then comes a cold feeling, then relief, and total absence of pain. It can also be taken internally, and for derangements of stomach and bowels it has proved most valuable, especially in cases of Cholera Morbus, Diarrhoea, Summer Complaints, etc., it having great antiseptic properties. Much praise is due Messrs. Dundas Dick & Co., Manufacturing Chemists of this city, for having been the first to introduce this article to the Drug Trade of the United States, in the form of cones, described above, under the name of "Menthols," which is composed of absolutely pure Menthol only. It was an experiment at the beginning, but the success attending it has been marvelous. Orders came in so rapidly after the introduction that it was impossible to keep pace with the demand, notwithstanding that several factories were kept busy for a year making the little wooden boxes in which the Menthol is inclosed. They had orders on file waiting some days as high as 400 gross at one time. This firm's Menthol production had not been placed on the market more than three months before several imitations were being sought to be foisted on the market under similar names, and now there are over a score of them, most of which, however, are only quasi-compounds, containing little or no Menthol. Menthol continues steadily to increase in popularity, which is doubtless accounted for, not only by the superiority of the Menthol used by them, but also by the fact that new discoveries are being made daily of its great therapeutic value in complaints in which as a specific it has hitherto been unknown. Menthol is put up in neat little cone-shaped wooden boxes, convenient to carry in the pocket. No admixture or adulteration of any kind should be used in Menthol pencils, and the name of Dundas Dick & Co. alone is a guarantee of quality and purity, and it is no doubt through their world-wide reputation that their Menthol has had such a wide range of popularity, shipments being made to Europe, Asia, Australia and South America, and all over the United States and Canada.—New York Times, Aug. 18, 1885.

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(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
HOW I WEAN BABY.

Some months ago I was impelled to tell the young mothers of our JOURNAL how I wean my babies but decided the subject did not need airing, believing that every mother was wise and tender enough to lessen this trying time for baby of as many discomforts as possible. But Babyhood tells me of perplexed, wearied mothers who are making such hard, fearful work for both parties when weaning baby, I am again tempted to tell how a mother can wean her little one and avoid such trying hours.

First, don't run away from baby. He has enough to bear when he loses his loved dinner without losing his mother. How cruel to deprive him of both at once! A needless cruelty unless sickness or death makes it imperative.

Some day, when my baby has reached her second October, I shall take her in my arms at her usual nap hour and attempt to rock her to sleep. She will cry for her dinner, having all her lifetime been nursed to sleep, whether for the night or for day naps.

Anticipating this demand, baby's dinner is well covered with a wide piece of black silk wrung from camphorated oil, the edges of the silk being securely tucked in under the under-vest so that it is not easily displaced when an indignant baby demands explanations.

A small aperture in centre of silk gives baby a chance to nurse, which after a few pulls she stoutly refuses to do, the flavor of goose oil and camphor not being to her liking, and she also misses the old, soft resting place for her little cheek.

This first day will be the hardest, but it is not very trying for either baby or I, for whenever she asks for the breast it is given in its black, disagreeable disguise and finally she turns from it in disgust, satisfied that she has all that I have to give her, contentedly cuddles in my arms and I rock her to sleep.

At nightfall this is again repeated, but after she sleeps or when she tries to wake in the night enough to nurse and not be conscious of it, she nurses every night for a week or more after her daytime weaning.

This prevents too sudden a change in baby's food and also prevents inflamed breasts for the mother. After a week or two the night lullaby is also denied and she will nurse and hunt for it till she wakes.

The lamp you light will reveal to her the oil-silk surrounding her dinner. She had rather deny herself it than taste again the horrible goose oil or castor oil with which it is thickly smeared, and after a cry which may be long or short, she will drink the milk or water which you will have ready for her and then falls asleep while you congratulate yourself the worst of baby's weaning time is over.

It may be an old woman's whim but I do know it's a very good whim to protect swollen, inflamed breasts with black silk, and in connection with camphorated oil it lessens the flow of milk, reduces inflammation, prevents cakes forming and when weaning time comes, its cold, slippery, greasy surface thoroughly disgusts baby, which seems a much less cruel thing to do than to keep the little one in a ferment fretting and screaming for a sight and taste of her loved dinner, or worse still, for a sight of yourself.

Another old woman's whim is that weaning should never commence till the sign of the Zodiac is right—"Anytime when the sign is below the heart," old nurses say.

I dislike to be thought superstitious for I am not, but there is something in this old belief that has been handed down from mother to daughter for ages!

There are many truths in the universe that we cannot trace or understand, laws and magnetisms and subtle influences that you and I cannot explain, yet we do not account at their existence; then why should we laugh and think it such a funny, ridiculous idea that babies and boobies and all young animals wean harder if attempted when Aries or Leo is in the ascendency?

John laughed as heartily as you over this curious old tradition and on three occasions purposely separated his drove of pretty boobies from their mothers when the sign was just—wrong, to convince me he said, that weaning time could commence one day as well as another for all of any old crab or butting sheep, up in the heavens, but when on each of these occasions the poor little calves pitifully bleated all night for their mothers, keeping the house awake, while on all other like occasions we had never thus been disturbed, he acknowledges, "well, there is something, after all, in that old woman's whim."

Superstition and ignorance go hand in hand. I know that and have hesitated long before willing to admit that I consult the disemboweled figure that graces an initial leaf of most almanacs before I commence weaning baby, for I would not like to be classed with those who hang horse shoes over their door, dress their pork and beefs strictly on the increase of the moon and wear with righteous tranquility their undergarments and hosiery wrong side out all the day, if by chance they thus dress, believing their luck will turn with their undervest and stockings.

JOHN'S WIFE.

Never be guilty of frightening children into obedience.

Trust your children with money, and teach them how to spend it.

(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
REPROOF.

Reform has taken up the march in all directions, and day after day we see further evidence of its mastery strides. Reform in the Capitol, reform in the State, reform in the Church, reform in the parlor, reform in the kitchen, reform everywhere except in the government of children. Why should we apply the electric light of science to all that pertains to ourselves and yet consider that "the way our grandmothers did" is the one proper for use, or "the way children did when we were young" the approved one for them.

What greater evidence have we that the method employed by our grandmothers in this respect was the ne plus ultra of household government than that the good, old-fashioned flail, used by our grandfathers, is, as a piece of labor-saving machinery, unsurpassed by the machinery of a later day. The government of children is essentially a thing of individual experience, and let no mother think that the experience and judgment of another, even if that other be her grandmother, can afford her an infallible rule of action.

There are certain fixed principles, however, which it would be well for all young mothers to consider, leaving minor details to the exigencies of the moment. One of these is in regard to the administering of reproof. In the almost Spartan severity with which many of our forefathers (and foremothers) were trained, reproof and correction were considered wholesome and necessary, as in our day; but they were generally administered without regard to time or place, with the sternness and severity which marked the puritanical principle of adherence to duty. Perhaps the children of those days could stand it. We are a different race now, and it behooves us to consider not only the correction we should administer, but the method of so doing, in order that our little ones may derive the greatest benefit from the smallest amount of that medicine, nauseous alike to parent and child.

Reproof, to do really the good intended, requires the greatest caution and discrimination. To some children, if given injudiciously, it is as deadly a mental poison as strychnine would be to the physical organization, if given with equal carelessness—a carelessness that cannot be too greatly reprehended. A reproof, even if well-deserved and given gently, if given before a third party has a chance of leaving an unintended sting. Therefore:

First. Always, if possible, reprove a child for a grave offense by itself.

Second. Never reprove hastily, lest one or two things may happen—you may be proved absolutely wrong; you may say more than the case warrants. If you say more than the case warrants you have nothing for a graver offense, without going to extravagant lengths.

Third. If you find yourself mistaken be honest enough and manly enough (or womanly enough) to apologize, and show your child that you do not consider yourself infallible, and that you are willing to do what you are anxious for him to do; for, rest assured, he knows you were wrong all the time, and when the time comes for him to apologize he will do it with much better grace for having had your example. Remember that the time comes before very long, when, with all their duty and affection, and loving you with all their might as their parents, your children judge and measure you as men and women.

Fourth. Accept an apology whenever offered to you by your child, not grudgingly, but freely as you would hope to have an apology of yours accepted by a friend, and, having received the apology and granted the pardon, consign the offense to oblivion and never refer to it again in any way. Most emphatically and irrevocably "let the dead past bury its dead."

MRS. EMMA C. HSWITE.

LETTERS TO PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.

BY HELPER.

A great many young women do not know how to dress and either seclude themselves or go about so unbecomingly as to cause blushes to their friends. In the first place as little clothing as possible should be worn over the hips. The en-bosomier supporter was specially designed to do away with three articles of clothing coming to the waist. Drawers, petticoat and dress skirt are attached to it and a polonaise is a comfortable and usually becoming garment to wear over it. But there should not be drapery about the hips. If there are folds or loopings let them come low down. A good deal of trimming may be worn about the neck unless it is very short. If the bust is not well developed, forms should be worn and a well shaped bustle. A great many ladies wear Hall's health corset, which has coiled wire in the sides, and it stretches, always conforming to the size. Madame Foy's (the style laced on the sides) is also excellent if the corset is cut so as to lace from top to bottom and the size adjusted to the figure. Lacing at this period is a crime. It is to this cause that so many club feet and other deformities of the limbs are due. Some mothers find all corsets uncomfortable. Mother Hubbard wrappers made not too full, with a knee deep bounce, are advisable. All dress skirts should be cut long in front and on the sides. Casings with tapes are preferable to belts after six months, and small safety pins should be used to pin the skirt down to the corset in three places. Mantles long enough to come five or six inches below the waist in the back and to the knees in front are becoming, and when made of light-weight ladies cloth cost so little that even persons in the most modest circumstances can afford them. Such garments are better when made without a seam in the back. A three inch box-pleated ruffle pinked at each edge makes a pretty trimming, which should not be carried up the front. When shawls are worn, if planned let it be high near the throat. Short night dresses should be prepared for sickness; long ones are undesirable in every way. Ladies who wish to write me may address Lock Box 61, Springfield, Ohio.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I cannot but think "John's Wife" and others somewhat in error in their ideas of the management of children. I have made it a rule not to allow a child to come to the table until three years old. It is a time when the family should be allowed to assemble undisturbed, and certainly an ill-behaved child keeps every one uncomfortable. If there is no servant to care for the child feed it before you feed the family, the table that comes with most high chairs can be set before it, and playthings will keep it contented. Now for diet. The best dispositioned and strongest children I have ever known, never had meat given them until their "meat teeth" at six years of age as-

sured you that they could properly masticate it. Milk was their chief diet, with bread, baked potatoes and oatmeal. A physician of long experience with children contends that when acute diseases attack meat fed children, the percentage of recovery is much less than when it has been withheld. I have seen as a test meat given a child, when it was acknowledged by all that days on which it was thus fed it was far more irritable than when none was given. And I cannot understand how a young child can eat baked beans without suffering from colic when it is well known that it thus often affects those whose digestive powers are much stronger. Above all don't give nursing babies "tastes" of the food you eat. Let a mother feed herself with the most nourishing food she can get and the child will thrive without feeding until it is ten months old. Then don't feed crackers in any form if the child is constipated. There are plenty of farinaceous foods, easily prepared, that are far better. And to have a child amiable and gentle let a mother watch her own temper, and let example speak. We are "builders for God" and our stones will either shine or reflect no lustre in His Kingdom. So let us be prayerful and watchful, understanding our responsibility.

THE MOTHER OF FIVE.

WHEN BABY WEARS BOOTS.

Being the Cynical Observations of an Unfeeling Man.

Of the few things in this world of sorrow that serve to lighten the gloom and make things lively, a beautiful baby is the most successful. It fills a void in our hearts that nothing else can occupy. Except good fishing, what is more delightful than to watch the actions of a little child or to hear it lip its first words in musical accents! Its childish prattle amuses and at the same time touches the tenderest chords of our hearts with a soft thrill, and its innocent smile softens even the heart of a plumbler. Its caressing touch, pure as an angel's, makes the soul glad with a tender joy that is only equaled by the mad delirium of owning a \$3000 dog.

These philosophical reflections were inspired on seeing a young father and mother with their first baby on the cars. The infant was a perfect beauty, its big blue eyes looking out at the passengers from under a little hood with a serious solemnity comical to see. Its hair, of light brown color, was parted and hung down each side of its eyes, giving it an old-fashioned air, and it was moreover the picture of health. The father held it on his knee, drawing now and then the white shawl closer around the form of his darling offspring, and the mother squeezed close in tender solicitude, of all of which nonsense the baby saw nothing and cared less. I watched the trio with great interest, nothing escaping my observation. The parents observed every motion and exchanged glances of proud exultation as they perceived the passengers "watching on" to the beauty they had given the world. Every little while the fond young father hugged the little darling rapturously to his breast, and when the child opened its rosy mouth and said, "Ba-ba-ba-ba," his chest filled out and he held up his head more proudly, as he glanced around to see the effect, smiling triumphantly at his wife as the prodigy repeated the feat. Their pride in being the joint proprietors of so much loveliness was delicious to behold. One of the female passengers having remarked, in tones that were audible throughout the car, that "pretty children always grew into homely adults," the father's face flushed as he looked at his offspring with an adoring glance that showed he did not believe in the old saying, "Ah," I thought, with unutterable sadness in my breast, "wait, old boy, until that child gets on his legs! Evidently you're in luck just now, for you have a healthy bouncing baby, who sleeps nights. You don't have to get up an impromptu undress parade at 2 o'clock in the morning, or chase the elusive pargoric bottle round the house when the thermometer marks zero right alongside the stove; but wait, I repeat, till that child, whom you know in your heart is cut out for the President of these United States from the civil-service expression of its serious eyes, lets himself loose on your premises and flies around for eighteen hours in the twenty-four. Wait until he sets off matches under the parlor table. Will you smile so fondly when he climbs up and pulls all the tail feathers out of the canary bird; eats the shoe-blackening and puts the brush, with your soft hat, on the top of a red-hot stove; or when he takes the scissors and trims the fur all off your Gordon setter, which you have just fixed up for the dog show, and made him look as if moths had been at him, eh? Will you be tickled and go out and roll with laughter on the grass? Hey! I guess not. I've been there. Maybe you'll think it funny when your neighbor comes in with a club and tells you softly, so that he can be heard through the whole ward, that your kid has scratched his dear child's eyes out, or thrown a stone through a parlor window and broken a Benvenuto Cellini lamp. How about the time when he puts your watch in the sink and runs water on it? Will you smile then? Will you utter whoops of delight when you come upstairs and find him playing with your razor, waving the deadly toy in the air, while every flash of light reflected from its glittering blade strikes through your quivering heart like a barb? How about the session you'll have when he takes your silk hat out and carries sand and gravel in it for half a day? All these things and more will be to do, this young, healthy kiddie of yours. When he grows older and goes on starring tours in the neighbor's fruit garden, and tears gigantic holes in the basement of his knee breeches getting over fences, or goes swimming and is brought home in a dirt-cart half-drowned and all his clothes stolen except one little rumpled stocking, will you indulge in these paroxysms of mirth? Not much! I'll tell you what you'll do. You will take this scion of a noble family by his pink, shell-like ear, and lifting him from the ground, lead him to the retirement which the woodshed affords. Then you'll fondle him with a strap or a club, and tan his little hide, while he yells so the neighbor's will think you are killing something, and his mother, standing by with tears in her blue eyes, feels every blow more than if she really bore them on her own tender flesh, and gathers him to her bosom after the matinee is over and sobs in unison with her bad, bad boy. Then you'll go in the house, and when your old friend of years and years comes in to see you you'll both sit and tell of the devilry you committed when you were boys until that son's eyes stick out in amazement as he thinks of the wallowing he got for doing the same things that very day. And then after it is all over you will go out, get on a car, and seeing a young couple with their brand-new baby you will mutter in the same philosophical reflections which I have treated you to in the foregoing and liberally out of my own experience.



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ARTISTIC NEEDLE- WORK.

How to make Pretty and Useful Articles to Beautify the Home—Charming Toilet-Accessories—Suitable Gifts for Ladies and Gentlemen.

There is something fascinating about all kinds of fancy work, and when one becomes interested in needle-work, it is really wonderful how much can be accomplished in odd hours especially with the labor-saving ornaments now in vogue, of tinsel, gold and silver, and the beautiful colored silk embroidered appliques, and the curious braids, which aid in obtaining the most satisfactory results with but little personal exertion.

It has become the fashion in Paris to utilize pieces of old brocade, and other valuable materials by covering boxes with them, and using the boxes for lace, or collections of any sort. The latest novelty is a box to contain half-a-dozen shirts for a gentleman. One box is lined with perfumed pink satin and is covered in old ivory brocade. Another is lined with lavender, covered with rich garnet plush; in each corner of the cover and in the centre is placed a lilac spray, like this shown in our illustration.



These Kurehardt standard silk embroidered lilac sprays, come in lilac and white, and upon this garnet plush box, the lilacs in the two colors, are most effective. The box is closed and tied with lilac velvet ribbon in bow knots.

A useful present for a young girl to give her mother, at Christmas, is a rag-bag. A new way to make one is to take a strip of material the size of an ordinary chair back, linen or woolen stuff will do; embroider it at one end and fringe it, turn over the other end, and work it to match, so that the two rows of fringe and work appear one above the other. Sew a piece of muslin at the back to make the bag, and some rings at the top, through which run cord; hang it on the wall of the sewing-room, where it will be convenient to put scraps in.

The novelty in sofa pillows is made egg shape, with a large bow on each end. One of black plush is very handsome; it is decorated with Kurehardt's rose spray applique, in pink and red, is lined with pink satin, and is trimmed upon the ends with bows of pink and red.

Something a little daughter can make for father, is a pretty case to hang against a bedroom wall to put slippers in. A neat one is made of a foundation of piece of wood, covered with turkey red; upon hollow lined with red embroidery a butterfly; unite the wings by a body made of black velvet, make the antennae with wire, and the whole large enough for the slippers to lie in the bag attached behind the wooden foundation, hidden by the butterfly.

Some good housekeepers are making showy quilts during the winter evenings. One is in dark brown cashmere, for foundation, upon which are embroidered with zephyr, the designs cut from out of a figured woolen fabric, variously colored flowers being prominent. A number of the figures and flowers are first cut out, then tastefully arranged and pasted just lightly on the cashmere to hold them in position. Then they are buttonhole-stitched round with zephyr, sufficiently close to render them firm and prevent fraying.

For a border a strip of velvet or velveteen may be decorated with a vine and autumn leaves, the vine being executed in outline stitch by hand, and the leaves of applique embroidery in two sizes, and many colors.

Ingenious ladies will find that the ordinary folding steps in use in every house, covered with plush, velvet, or velveteen, and having shelves similarly covered, made to hook on to the rungs or steps, form a useful, ornamental and novel article of furniture for the display of china, and other bric-a-brac; they should be about five feet to six feet in height, and of the sort that are made with steps both sides. Placed against the corner of the room, with a plant in full bloom on the top step or a rich pitcher, a piece of rich colored silk, or other material draped on one side, and the shelves hooked on to the steps at alter-

nate heights on either side, they have very good effect, particularly in a dark corner.

No dressing-room should be without a hair receiver, and a very pretty one has for its foundation a slipper of willow brocade. The bag is of maroon surah, and the bows of maroon satin ribbon; the bag being shirred to form a narrow ruffled finish and a deep fringe at the top. On the top of the slipper is applied some pretty floral design, and any preferred colors may be selected for the bag and bows, and another bow is used to decorate the toe.

Wreaths of embroidered appliques in daisies or in pansies, are used to wear about neck finishings of black, or dark colored velvet. They are tied on the left side, with loops of ribbon, and are very effective necklaces.

The large fans used a year or two ago, if old and torn, can be utilized as washstand splashers; they should be spread out to their full size, and covered with cretonne, or a solid colored silk with plain or figured net or muslin over it, the edge finished by a border of lace. They are fastened to the wall over the washstand, handle upward, with a large ribbon bow tied around the handle.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Ethel Lester.—The small boxes of "waste embroidery silk" cost 25 cents, the larger boxes 40 cents each.

"Embroiderer."—Send your order for fancy work materials direct to Sharpless Bros., Chestnut and Eighth Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. They keep all the articles mentioned in your letter, and you have only to send money to pay for them, at the given prices, the expense of the transportation will be defrayed by the house.

"A. C. R."—You can make a very pretty receptacle for your embroidery material by using the old leghorn hat you speak of, as a foundation for a lining and bag of silk, which must be secured with ribbon strings. You can make it as elaborate as you wish by using applique embroideries, or putting a ribbon of ruching around the edge of the outside brim.

"Zara."—You may be able to restore the ground color of your Indian scarf with an application of ammonia, and then chloroform put on with a camel's hair brush, carefully, so as not to touch the embroidery. If this fails darn over the foundation with long loose stitches in the same coloring as the embroidery.

EDITORS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Will some sister reader give directions for rack-rack and wide feather-edge trimming and oblige.

L. F. B.

CLOVER LEAF TIDY.

Use red and white knitting cotton, No. 10, 3 threaded, and common steel knitting needles. Cast 1 stitch.

1st row. Thread over, knit 1.
2d row. Thread over, knit 2.
3d row. Over, knit 1, over, knit 1, over, knit 1.
4th row. Over, knit 1, purl 3, knit the rest.
5th row. Over, knit 3, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
6th row. Over, knit 2, purl 5, knit the rest.
7th row. Over, knit 5, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
8th row. Over, knit 3, purl 7, knit the rest.
9th row. Over, knit 7, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
10th row. Over, knit 4, purl 9, knit the rest.
11th row. Over, knit 9, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
12th row. Over, knit 5, purl 11, knit the rest.
13th row. Over, knit 11, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
14th row. Over, knit 6, purl 13, knit the rest.
15th row. Over, knit 13, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
16th row. Over, knit 7, purl 15, knit the rest.
17th row. Over, knit 15, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
18th row. Over, knit 8, purl 17, knit the rest.
19th row. Over, knit 17, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
20th row. Over, knit 9, purl 19, knit the rest.
21st row. Over, knit 19, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
22d row. Over, knit 10, purl 21, knit the rest.
23d row. Over, knit 21, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
24th row. Over, knit 11, purl 23, knit the rest.
25th row. Over, knit 23, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
26th row. Over, knit 12, purl 25, knit the rest.
27th row. Over, knit 25, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
28th row. Over, knit 13, purl 27, knit the rest.
29th row. Over, knit 27, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
30th row. Over, knit 14, purl 29, knit the rest.
31st row. Over, knit 29, over, knit 1, over, knit the rest.
32d row. Join in the red, over, purl across.
33d, 34th, 35th, 36th and 37th rows. Narrow, knit plain.
38th row. Narrow, purl across.
39th row*. Narrow, over, knit 2 tog., over, knit 2 tog., making 12 holes, knit last stitch.
40th row. Narrow, purl across.
41st row. Narrow, knit plain.
42d row. Narrow, knit plain.
43d row. Narrow, purl across.
44th and 45th rows. Narrow, knit plain.
46th row. Narrow, purl across.

Repeat from * twice. Next row, narrow, knit 1. You now have 2 stitches on the needle, which you narrow. 4 of these pieces sewed together form a square, with 4 leaves in the centre. Four squares make a pretty tidy, with a scallop crocheted round the edge as a finish.

M. F. K.

TORCHON INSERTION.

Cast on 17 stitches.
1st row. Knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 3, thread over, knit 1, thread over, knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 1.
2d row. Knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, thread over, knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 1.
3d row. Knit 3, thread over, narrow twice, thread over, knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 2, thread over, narrow, knit 1.
4th row. Knit 3, thread over, knit 3 together, thread over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit 1, thread over, narrow, knit 1.
5th row. Knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 1, thread over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, thread over, knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 1.
6th row. Knit 3, thread over, narrow, knit 3, thread over, slip 3, knit 1, draw slipped stitches over the one knit, thread over, knit 4, thread over, narrow, knit 1.

AUST ROTH

HANDSOME DEEP LACE.

Cast up 32 stitches.
Every alternate row plain.
1st row. Knit 2, thread over, rest plain.
3d row. Knit 2, thread over, knit 1, thread over, narrow, rest plain.
5th row. Knit 2, thread over, knit 3, thread over and narrow 12 times, rest plain.
7th row. Knit 2, thread over, knit 5, thread over and narrow 12 times, rest plain.
9th row. Knit 2, thread over, knit 7, thread over and narrow 12 times, rest plain.
11th row. Knit 2, thread over, knit 9, thread over and narrow 12 times, rest plain.
13th row. Knit 2, thread over, knit 11, thread over, narrow, rest plain.
15th row. Knit 2, thread over, knit 3, take 4 stitches from the left hand needle on to the right hand needle, draw 3 stitches over the last stitch on the right hand needle, knit the one you draw through the 3, put your thread over 4 times, now draw 3 stitches over the first stitch on the left hand needle, knit 3, over, narrow, rest plain.
16th row. Knit 29 stitches, make 6 stitches out of the loops, by knitting 1, seaming 1, knit 1, seam 1, knit 1, seam 1, rest plain.
17th row. Knit 1, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit 9, narrow, rest plain.
19th row. Knit 1, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit 7, narrow, thread over 12 times.
21st row. Knit 1, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit 5, narrow, thread over 12 times.
23d row. Knit 1, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit 3, narrow, thread over 12 times.
25th row. Knit 1, narrow, thread over, narrow, knit 1, narrow, thread over 12 times.
27th row. Knit 1, narrow, thread over, slip 1, narrow, draw the slipped stitch over, thread over, rest plain.
29th row. Knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, rest plain.
31st row. Knit 1, narrow, over, narrow, rest plain. Repeat from 1st row.

RUGS MADE OF CLOTH.

A subscriber asks how to make them of cloth patches. I will tell her.

For a foundation take a piece of strong black cloth, about one yard in length, and three-fourths of a yard in width. Put a narrow hem all round the edge. Now hunt up all your bits of bright flannel as well as your pieces of brown, gray and black cloth. Cut a quantity of round pieces, about two inches in diameter, from all these fragments which you have collected. If you have scarlet pieces enough, a pretty way to arrange the rounds on the foundation, is to make a large diamond of scarlet rounds in the centre of the rug, fitting around it with all sorts of colors. The black spaces will show very prettily between the scarlet rounds. Each round is buttonholed to the foundation with any color of worsted one fancies.

Another way is to cut the pieces in the shape of a brick, covering the foundation entirely with them, then with any fancy stitch one happens to be familiar with, cover the seams. A rug made of dark cloth bricks, with all shades of bright stitching would be pretty.

I have seen rugs made in this way that were pretty, and so little time spent on them that it really paid. Prepare a foundation the same as for the above, then take strips of cloth the length of the rug and about an inch and a half or two inches wide. Pink one edge of the strips, sew the other to the foundation, letting the pinked edge overlap the plain edge of the next row. All of these rugs may be lined if desired. They will lay smoother.

I should think a rug made in crazy quilt style would look well. It would be a novelty at least. A centre of rounds, bordered with crazy work would be pretty. I never saw one, but mean to try it sometime. There are crazy things of all sorts, why not have a crazy rug?

Crocheted rugs are easily made. Either cotton or woollen may be used. The cotton should be torn in strips about half an inch wide, and the woollen quarter of an inch, or narrower, according to the thickness of the cloth. Sew the stripes together "bit or miss," or each color by itself if a striped rug is desired. With a coarse crochet hook make a chain three inches long. Work the length of the chain in single crochet, taking up every stitch. Work across the other side of chain the same way. Now crochet round and round this piece until the rug is large enough.

CECIL KABLE.

KNITTED SKIRT.

Use large needles and midnight yarn in red or white. Knit in breadths and sew together. For the largest size cast on eighty-one stitches, for a medium size seventy-one stitches, for a small size sixty-one stitches.

1st row. Knit one, over, knit three, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over the narrowed one, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit three, slip one, narrow, pass the slipped stitch over the narrowed one, knit three, over, and so on until you get to the last stitch, then put the thread over before knitting it.

2d row. Purl across. Continue in this way until you have knit across eighteen times, or until you can count nine places where you have passed the slipped stitch over. Then purl across on the right side, and knit across plain on the wrong side, which will make two ridges. Commence at first row again, and repeat until the skirt is nearly as long as required, knit plain for quite a space at the top, bind off, and sew on to a band or waist.

M. F.

KNITTED BED SOCK.

Use Germantown wool, and good size wooden needles. Cast on 28 stitches, knit two and purl two for 19 rows, with blue wool; join on the white, knit 13 stitches, take up a loop, knit 13. Knit back plain. Repeat from * until you have 22 purls, (always widening each side of the 2 middle stitches). Then knit 2 purls plain; next row, narrow at beginning and end of needle, knit back plain. Next row, narrow at beginning and end of needle, knit back plain. Next row * narrow at beginning and end of needle, also once each side of the 2 middle stitches. Knit back plain. Repeat from * 3 times, then bind off like the heel of a stocking. Sew together the back. Knit the rib part of blue, then join on the white, and knit 4 purl, then knit 4 part of color, 4 purl of white, 4 purl of color, 4 part of white, and 3 purl of color, and the rest of sock white. These are very warm, and much more beautiful to wear at night, than using a heated stone. For when the feet get warm the socks can be easily slipped off.

Twice across makes a purl.

K. F. M.

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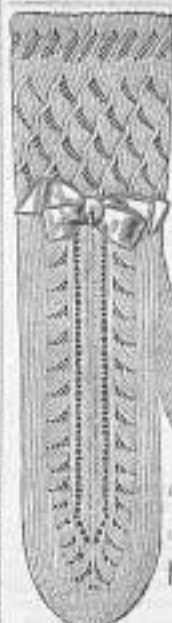
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LADIES

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304 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.



(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.)
BRUSH STUDIES.

NO. XVII.

Lambrequins and Other Artistic Home Furnishings—Clock Scarf—Key Rack, etc.

BY LIDA CLARKSON.

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During the past six months there has been numerous queries as to lambrequins "What fabric shall I use?" "What is the prettiest color, design, etc., etc.?"

This has decided me as to the main subject of this paper, although I cannot promise to answer each individual as to exact shade of material, or design suitable in each case.

The color should be a rule harmonize with the general surroundings, and upholstery of a room, carpets, curtains, etc., etc. A peacock blue velvet, or plush decorated in Kensington, iridescent, or Lustra makes a very rich lambrequin, but it would be out of place in a room furnished in another shade of blue, or indeed with any color which did not harmonize, or contrast well with it.

So with other colors. We are not it is true, obliged to adhere strictly to one prevailing tint, greater latitude being allowed in this direction than ever before. But while this is the case I hope my readers will not be carried away by any of the questionable fancies of the day—wrongly styled artistic, many of them atrociously ugly, which are trying to elbow out, what is sensible and pretty, refreshing to the eye, and restful to the mind. The taste which delights in these odd and incongruous colors and combinations, is positively no taste at all, no matter how much fashion may sanction the innovation.

A dark red or green velvet, plush or felt, is always rich and tasteful for a lambrequin. There is a material to be had now, known as embossed or depressed plush which is quite in favor, the design being pressed, or stamped into the surface of the fabric, ready for decoration. The cost is about two dollars per yard, and the width eight inches. Those who find stitching difficult will perhaps welcome this kind of material which comes in quite a variety of patterns. These designs are painted either in Lustra, or in oil colors, and the work is quite simple requiring very little skill as to execution. I think however that the majority of my readers will prefer to sketch their own designs, and to do as much of the work with the brush as possible, as there is always more satisfaction to be derived from that which requires some little ingenuity and effort on our own part, than what is made ready to our hand by the labor of others. I give my readers an illustration which although simple in its decoration is exceedingly pretty. A peacock blue felt, velveteen or plush may be used, but of course the richer the fabric the handsomer the article. There are however beautiful qualities of velveteen in the market now, which almost equal in richness the more costly velvets, and they are of good permanent color and durability. These work easily and are inexpensive, which will recommend them to many. The lambrequin with drapery is just now the leading favorite.

For this the plain valance under the drapery, which is to be decorated, may be of velvet, or velveteen, and the drapery of surah, or some soft, rich material which will hang in graceful folds.

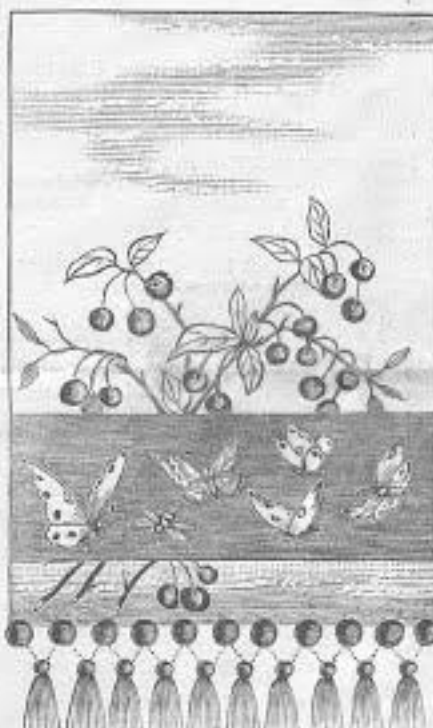
The one here illustrated is of deep peacock blue velvet with draping of surah the same shade. The peacock feather band is done in iridescent painting as follows:

The design is first sketched on with the brush, or may be stamped across the valance by the use of a perforated pattern. This done we proceed to put on the color.

burnt sienna, cadmium, and a trifle black, and covered with terra-cotta and bronze green iridescent.

The last outside, narrow circle is painted with Antwerp blue, ivory black, and cadmium, making a light green. Over this apply the light green, and gold iridescent, mixed. The rest of feather is now painted with same colors adding more ivory black for a darker green. Over this apply bronze green iridescent.

My readers I am sure will be delighted with the result, as the feather is so well imitated with its natural brilliancy and exquisite coloring. Nothing could exceed the richness of this design when applied to velvet, and a lambrequin or table scarf gives a room a luxurious appearance. The drapery of the lambrequin is afterwards adjusted as shown in illustration, and the valance and ends of drapery finished with fringe or ornaments. Pompons of silk, or chenille, or cord and tassels, may be substituted for the bows of ribbon, if preferred. A lambrequin of cardinal, or ruby plush made in the same manner, with a band of satin instead of the iridescent painting, decorated with yellow buttercups and daisies in oil colors, or with tassels of yellow, and deep golden shades, is also very handsome. This may be finished with gold fringe or ornaments, and is rich and showy. A very charming lambrequin, or mantle valance is made of pale pink satin, with a band of velvet or plush of a deeper tint. On the satin is massed branches of creamy dogwood blossoms and the finish, crescents of pale rose chenille. This lambrequin however requires surroundings of a like dainty character, and would be out of place in many rooms. The lining for the valance may be either silesia, thin silk or satine. Let it be some soft fabric that will hang gracefully. A friend and correspondent kindly furnishes description of shelf, or lambrequin scarf which may be useful to my readers. It is of upholsterers satin lined with harmonizing color, the center or pendant part, ornamented with silk roses, and leaves of arseene. The corners looped up with bows of ribbon, and the whole finished with handsome ball fringe. The work runs up a little ways on to the shelf, the scarf being laid along the mantle without being cut or tacked, except the draping at the corners. I would suggest that the decoration be done with the brush. Let the scarf be a delicate blue, with branches of pale sweet-briar roses thrown across the center, and the effect will be charming. The clock scarf here given, which I have lately



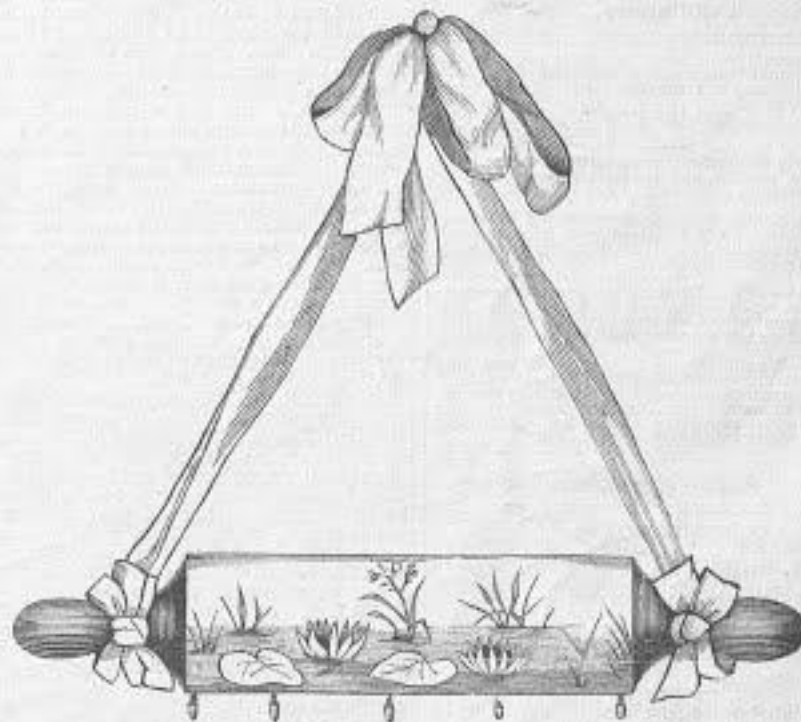
DECORATED CLOCK SCARF.

designed, is in two shades of maroon velvet, but may be made of any desirable color. It is decorated with cherries in brush painting, the leaves in Kensington, and the butterflies in iridescent.

To paint the cherries for merely decorative purposes, we shall not require as many paints as would be used for the same design upon canvas,

brush. This gives brightness and effect. The cherry stems are drawn with the point of table brush No. 2 held nearly upright making the lines clear and distinct. The leaves are prettiest done in Kensington with Antwerp blue, chrome and zinc yellow, and a little burnt sienna and ivory black.

Blend the color on the fabric, not mixing on the palette which dulls it. Treat the leaves as the stems, by finishing touches of clear color, veining some of them with cadmium, or orange. The butterflies are painted in iridescent colors, as described in previous number of the JOURNAL. Now that winter is so near, we already begin



KEY RACK.

to think and plan for the holidays, and this forethought is wise, as it prevents the anxiety attendant upon the selection of gifts at the last moment, which rarely prove satisfactory to ourselves, or others. In my next paper, I will try to suggest some, to be made with the aid of the brush, and I give below illustration of one pretty novelty, although it may have ceased to be so to some. There are many of my readers at the far West, or in the more thinly settled districts of our country who are always glad to hear of anything new and pretty.

The rolling pin key rack can be purchased in white wood for a trifling sum, or covered with plush or velvet; or the plain ones may be gilded, bronzed, painted or covered at home to suit individual fancy. They may be decorated with any pretty, graceful design. If for a Christmas gift, gilded and decorated with holly, they are most appropriate to the season; a motto may also be added if desired. The design of water lilies and rushes, is easily executed and makes a pretty wall decoration.

This month I will give specimens of the work described above, the peacock feather, cherries or butterflies, for one full subscription to the JOURNAL, or they may be had at reasonable prices. I also continue to rent studies to subscribers, either in flowers or landscapes. Write to me for particulars enclosing stamp for reply.

**

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
M. M.—Am sorry your query had to wait so long for an answer. I do not know of any reliable house that sends out patterns to be painted. Those persons who advertise to do this are generally humbugs and frauds. I advise my readers to steer clear of them.
Mrs. E. F. C.—Whether you can make decorative work, or painting profitable to you in a pecuniary point of view, depends a good deal upon your skill and proficiency in these branches of art. Really good work almost always commands a ready sale, if the price is within reasonable limits.

The best palette for purple pansies is cobalt, silver white, ivory black and madder lake; for decorative purposes mauve may be used, which makes very rich, brilliant purples. If a brownish tinge is wanted add burnt sienna, and for the shading or middle accents a trifle raw umber. For the higher purples, or lavender flowers use more silver white, toned with the same colors, adding a trifle yellow ochre.

The palette for iris was given in Sep. No. of JOURNAL, Brush Study No. 15.

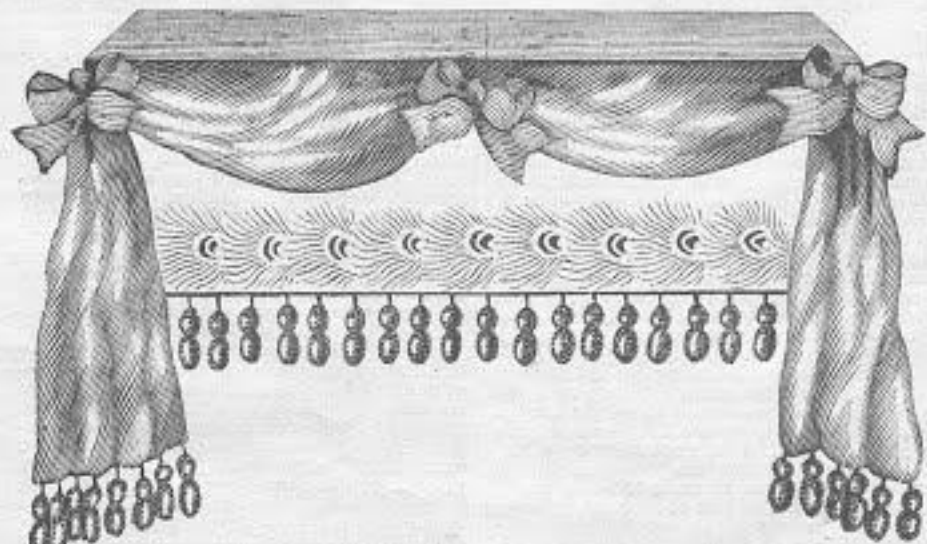
To paint this pink hawthorn blossoms, use madder lake, silver white, raw umber, yellow ochre toned with the least trifle ivory black, shading with raw umber, madder lake and a little black; in the deepest accents adding burnt sienna, and for the high lights white, with a trifle yellow ochre.

L. M. R.—Naples yellow is an unnecessary color, and is considered unreliable; yellow ochre and white, with sometimes a touch of burnt sienna will answer every purpose.

The German tube paints are coming more and more into favor, and are preferred as a general thing to the English or American makes. They are very smooth, and consequently pleasant to work with. Schoenfeld's silver white is superior to all others.

For the benefit of those sending subscriptions to the JOURNAL or renting studies, I would state that my money order office is Poughkeepsie, N. Y., my post office

PLEASANT VALLEY, DUTCHESS CO., N. Y.



DOUBLE DRAPED LAMBERQUIN.

Beginning at the center or eye of the feather we lay on ivory black, Antwerp blue, and a trifle madder lake, using the paint freely so that the flakes or iridescent color will adhere firmly when applied. Now with the palette knife take up the iridescent color marked dark blue, and cover the paint generously with it. It is best to have a large sheet of paper under your work and after applying the color, take up the fabric, turn it over and shake smartly, dislodging the surplus flakes, which may be returned to the box for future use. Around the eye now paint the first circle with the colors given above, adding a little white, and cadmium or chrome yellow, to obtain the blue-green required for this ring. Now mix a small quantity of light blue, and grass green iridescent, and apply in the same manner.

The next, and largest circle, is painted with

the object being to obtain as great a brilliancy of color as possible. If a terra-cotta, maroon, or wine colored velvet is used, the hue of the fabric will produce much of the shading. One would naturally suppose that these colors would not harmonize well with the design chosen; on the contrary the effect is good.

The cherries are painted with vermilion, and a very little madder lake; for the shading and around the stems adding ivory black; and for the high lights, a crisp touch of white and trifle vermilion. The branch is painted with Antwerp blue, chrome yellow, trifle black and vermilion, and where the light strikes the upper edge with madder lake, white, and a trifle black. Afterwards touch here and there, with the pure color, cadmium yellow and orange, using the point of

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AND

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we will cheerfully correct them if you will write to us.
Try to write as good-naturedly, but if you cannot,
then write to us any way. Do not complain to any
one else or let it pass. We want an early opportunity
to make right any mistakes that we may do.

Philadelphia, November, 1885.

CURRENT NOTES.

Out in the world men show us two sides in
their characters; by their firesides only one.An ounce of keep-your-mouth-shut is better
than a pound of explanation after you have said it.It oftentimes rains just hard enough to go to
the theatre but altogether too hard to go to
church.A dog that knows where to find a bone is wiser
than a scholar who has not learned how to make
a living.With children one sentence of honest praise,
bestowed at the right time, is worth a whole vol-
ley of scolding.The circulation of this number of the JOURNAL
is over one hundred thousand copies, to actual
paid subscribers.The world is apt to soo in your ear like a dove
when you are rich, but if you happen to be poor
it kicks like a mule.Our premiums are for sale, and at lower prices
than are charged for them in the stores. Now is
the time to order for Christmas presents.Our Stamping Outfit, Felt Tidy, stamped ready
to be worked, and Crazy Patchwork book, all for
\$1.25, is just what is wanted to work your Christ-
mas presents.Health was the first question considered by the
ancient Greeks. It is about the last considered
by the modern Americans. The Greeks took
exercise to preserve their bodies. The Ameri-
cans take pills.If you are host do not bore your guests with
too much entertaining. If you are a guest bear
in mind the old adage, "when you are in Rome
do as the Romans do," and not only as they do,
but be interested as much as possible in doing it.Every one who has had to do with workers for
wages, in such a way as to know anything of
their domestic economy, must know that fre-
quent payments are better for them in every
way, materially and morally.Every woman or girl should be paid her wages
at the end of the week. To pay her in dribbles is
not only poor policy, but absolutely unjust.Does your subscription expire with our Decem-
ber number? If so, why not secure a club in
season, and obtain your premiums for holiday
presents. Our stamping outfit is particularly
desirable at this season of the year, and our offer
is very liberal, only 12 subscribers, or we will sell
it for \$1.25 and include a felt tidy stamped ready
to be worked, also a complete book on crazy patch-
work.

OBITUARY.

It is with regret that we know will be uni-
versally felt by our subscribers that we received
the sad tidings of the death of our former friend
and contributor to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,
—Mrs. Julia McConaughy, of Somerville, N. J.—
who gave us such good motherly counsel under
the signature of "Mabelle." Converted at an
early age she has made her influence felt in thou-
sands of homes—having written always with an
aim to do good for the Master's sake. Truly may
it be said of her she was a model wife and
mother, and we are not few in number who feel
we are the better mothers and daughters for our
acquaintance with her.

A BURGLAR AS A BRIDEGROOM.

It ought hardly to be necessary in these days
to warn young women that they cannot be too
careful whom they marry; but a recent occur-
rence in Maryland, where a beautiful girl was
wooed and won by a person of engaging address
and gentlemanly manners, who has turned out to
be a burglar, forcibly illustrates the danger of
marriage with a man whose history and character
are not thoroughly well known to the bride or
her family.To have the honeymoon brought to an end by
the discovery that her husband is a criminal must
be an awful experience for a woman, yet it is one
to which any woman is liable who marries a man
of whom she knows little or nothing save what
he himself may have told her. We do not mean
that a girl should ever assume an attitude of sus-
picion towards a gentleman who is a suitor for
her hand; but before he becomes recognized or
acknowledged as a suitor, she or her parents
should have found out all about him, past and
present.

SCRIBBLER'S LETTER TO GUSTAVUS.

NO. IV.

BY MRS. EMMA C. HEWITT.

Your letter is at hand, Gustavus. I am glad
you wrote to me about your difficulty. So you
are disgusted with housekeeping! You have
come to the conclusion that Julia was too young
to keep house, and that, perhaps, you had better
break up and go to boarding till she grew more
experienced.Now, Gustavus, that was a dreadful silly re-
mark for you to make. I never heard but one
other man say that, and I thought he was the
silliest man alive. But I find he wasn't. Too
young to keep house, indeed! Any woman who
is too young to keep house is decidedly too young
to marry at all. Any girl who is old enough to
undertake to regulate such a complicated piece
of machinery as a man, certainly is capable of
running the much more simple one—a house.
And as to experience! Well, Gustavus, if you
will tell me just what kind of experience Julia is
going to acquire in a boarding-house, I'll perhaps
be better able to make some notes on that re-
mark. I'll reserve my estimate of your good
sense till I see just what is at the back of that
expression. As a general thing I don't admire
boarding-house housekeeping, at least carried on
in private families; but then, perhaps, I lack the
very experience that Julia is to acquire, so, as I
said, I withhold my remarks.Let me see! What does your letter say? O! first, irregularity of meals—owing to inefficient
servants. Now that's just one point on which
I'm almost angry at you, Gustavus. I have just
ached to tell you so before, but I—well, I didn't.
Why? Because it is mainly your own fault—not
the irregular meals, but the poor servants. O,
yes! it is true, though I know you look amazed
at seeing this. But the truth is this, I happen to
know that of two excellent girls Julia could have
had—your put your foot down because of what?
Of the first, you objected to the color; of the
second, you objected to the religion. Now it
seems to me that a man who objects to any one
particular color, religion or trait belonging to a
servant should either swallow his objections or
provide the servants.It really doesn't seem fair, now does it, Gus-
tavus, that when a good girl comes to the door
"to be had for the asking" as the saying goes,
that you should oblige Julia to reject her because
she happened to be black, and then leave your
wife to go running all over the town to hunt one
with the desired qualities and of the required
shade! Black! Indeed. If you had objected to
her because she was green, I could see some sense
in that. It would seem then, that you really did
it out of consideration for Julia.Honestly, Gustavus, of what moment is it to
you, or to put it more plainly, what business is
it of yours, what kind of a girl your wife has in
her kitchen so long as your comforts are attended
to, your goods used economically, and you are in
no wise disturbed. You have no business, es-
pecially in the kitchen, and the man of the house
need rarely come in contact with a maid-of-all-
work. The kitchen is the exclusive domain of
your wife and her vice-president, and if you don't
want to get into hot water, keep out of the kitchen.
I have my opinion of a man (and it isn't a
very flattering one, I can assure) who gives his
own orders to the maid-of-all-work. One mat-
ress is enough in any house, even if the second
one be the master. There are two or three other
reasons that you don't have meals at regular
times.If a man orders breakfast promptly at 7.30, and
then for three mornings in succession come down
to breakfast at eight and growls because every-
thing he wants to eat is either cold or dried up,
and he is too late himself to wait to have any-
thing cooked fresh for him, the fourth morning,
it is not to be wondered at, if the servant is a lit-
tle lax, thinking it as well to take the scolding
and not do the cooking as to have them both and,
consequently, when her master does appear in
time it does seem natural that he should have to
wait a little while for something fresh and hot.But maybe this is part of the experience Julia
is to get at the boarding-house. Perhaps she is
going to learn how to have meals exactly on time,
no matter how early or how late the consumers
may be, and perhaps these meals are to be of first-
class quality and never the kind to growl at, so
again I withhold my remarks. I'm "always find-
ing fault with you, but Julia isn't an angel."Now, Gustavus, I told you I was doing this for
your own good, and no amount of consideration
for your feelings shall move me to stop it. "Julia
isn't an angel!" She isn't, eh? No; I dare
say not, (I could have told you that before you
were married, long enough) no woman is; but
then I dare say you told her she was a hundred—
did I say hundred?—well no matter how many
times—but oceans of times before you were mar-
ried, and I really think you more than half be-
lieved it, although you had seen her fly into little
temper tantrums lots of times when things went wrong.You're a funny boy, Gustavus! The things
that used to amuse you then, don't amuse you
now, one bit. That day she pouted for an hour
or so because you forgot to attend to something
really important to her you were quite diverted,
and informed me (in what I considered a very
weak-minded way) that you didn't know, but you
rather liked it of her, she looked so cute or cun-
ning, or some such stuff, while I was under the
impression that she looked like a spotted child
who needed sending to bed for sober reflection.
But I've noticed if she undertakes to pout now
at your directions you consider her sulky. I
don't think that's quite fair, considering you
used to encourage her in it.No, she is not an angel, but she is something
much better—a loyal, loving, true-hearted woman.
I ask you candidly, "just as a matter of infor-
mation," do you consider yourself just exactly
the kind of man an angel, a real up-and-down
angel would select to dwell with? I don't, but
then maybe I don't know. I don't know much
about angels, to be sure, but I do know con-
siderable about men. Julia may not be an angel,
but then neither is she a fool, nor would you be
pleased to think that of all the many women who
have occupied the various cells in your heart,
that you had finally permitted yourself to be
bound by a fool.Treat her then as if she had common sense;
think better of this boarding-house scheme and
keep out of kitchen affairs. Remember you have
no more right to tell your wife that you won't
have a colored girl about your kitchen than she
has to tell you that she won't have a Chinaman
in your store. I tell you honestly it will be a
bad thing for your future to go to a boarding-
house. If Julia doesn't learn now to attend to
her domestic duties, while married life is new to
her and everything about her is fresh and bright,
do not hope for her ever to do so. There areother considerations besides those of actual eat-
ing and drinking and wearing.The first year of married life, Gustavus, is a
very trying one; it is the one in which each
learns what it is to give up one's own wishes, not
because one ought and deserves to do so always,
but because one must. It is a time when each
learns first to see, then to endure certain hitherto
unsuspected characteristics and peculiarities in
the other. These are always a greater or less
shock to the discoverer, a shock borne with
greater equanimity if there be no third party to
witness it.Therefore a life like that of a boarding-house
is peculiarly ill adapted for that nice adjustment
of disposition necessary to steady happiness in
the future. For instance, until within a month
you hadn't an idea that Julia was afraid of bats.
Suppose that bat had got into the boarding-house
parlor instead of your own, and Julia had jumped
up and shrieked (as she would have done un-
doubtedly, for she is unaffectedly afraid of them),
how do you suppose she would have felt to have
been called in public (as she was in private) a
confounded fool. Yes! I know you were sorry
and apologized, and took her to get ice cream,
but I don't think even ice cream would have
healed a wound inflicted under public gaze, nor
would the other boarders have ever recovered
from the impression that "that man was a brute."
And yet you are not a brute. O, no, I think
you'd better stay in your own house till the bats
are all dead anyway.Besides, too, Julia is a little inclined to be vain.
Boarding-house life is the ruination of a vain
woman. She has nothing to think of from morn-
ing till night but her own appearance, and how
beautifully white she can keep her hands, etc.,
etc., and finally the thought of going back to pots
and kettles and pans and marring the beautiful
hands, or burning the soft face over the fire, be-
comes a positive dread, and while she is always
going she never goes. No, if a man ever expects
to keep house, he'd better go on keeping house.
Try to bear patiently with household trials, and
remember that Julia is really trying to please
you, for, for her personal comfort she would
never do all she has done in the housework line.
And remember, too, that when she does not suc-
ceed, she has a double burden to bear—your dis-
pleasure, and a sense of her own defect. "Pos-
sess your soul in patience." I think that sen-
tence must have been directly addressed to young
married people.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. M. E. S.—Mrs. F. A. Warner lives in E.
Saginaw, Mich.SUBSCRIBER, PHILA., PA., had better consult
with a furniture dealer as to renovating her par-
ticular kind of furniture.If "Pearl" will hang a piece of salt pork in her
cage the bird will eat it and in a few days will
sing as well as ever. KITTIE WESSELL.

ALBANY, N. Y.

IGNORANCE can root her bellotrope cuttings
in sand. Put sand in a dish with no outlet at the
bottom and keep quite wet. After cuttings are
rooted they require a pretty rich soil. I root
most all my slips in sand and find it an easy and
most always a sure way.BROWNIE.—In years gone by I have raised a
good many birds. Canaries often exhibit as
much dislike and animosity towards each other
as love. Some will never mate. Perhaps the
male you have does not please the female, and
vice versa. Try a change. Perhaps your bird is
too young.

H. E. PAGE.

DEAR EDITRESS:—Will some contributor or
reader of the JOURNAL, be kind enough to give
me in correspondent's column, the address of
Miss Marten, formerly of Auburn, New York—the
lady who succeeded so admirably in solving
one of the knotty problems of women's work, by
putting up home-made pickles and preserves for
the market! An early reply will confer a great
favor on a

SEEKED FOR PAYING HOME WORK.

NEWTON CENTRE, Sept. 2.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I will
send "Subscriber" my receipt for stamping pow-
der, that I have used with good success. Take
equal parts of pulverized gum damar and white
resin, and just enough Persian blue to color it;
mix well together. This is for light goods, and
will not work well on dark goods. After stamp-
ing remove the pattern carefully; lay a piece of
thin paper over the stamping, and pass a hot iron
over it; this melts the gum in the powder, and
fastens the pattern to the goods.

WILL'S WIFE.

HOPKINTON, DELAWARE CO., IOWA.

Sept. 28th, 1885.

EDITRESS L. H. J.:—Now that the weather is
getting cool, and it is time to be making our men
and boys good warm underclothing, I would like
to tell your readers how I fix the sleeves of un-
der-shirts for my family. With common yarn or
Germantown wool (if you prefer) I take knitting
needles and cast on as many stitches as you need,
according to the size of the wrist you wish to fit.
knit two stitches plain, and two backwards; this
will give a ribbed appearance; knit till the piece
is three or four inches long, then crochet a simple
edge of some kind and finish with a scallop on
the end you commenced to knit first, the sew the
other end to the sleeve of the shirt, pulling the
sleeve in to fit the knit part. I make the same
for the undershirts, omitting the scallop part.
Make this piece large enough to slip over the
foot. I take 15 stitches on each needle for the
wrist, and 18 on each needle for the ankle for a
common sized man. This is not only very warm,
but holds them down so the stockings slip up
over them nicely, and if made of some pretty
colored yarn look nice and comfortable around
the wrist, and serves for the old-fashioned pulse
warmer. It is also a very convenient way to
lengthen down the children's garments, as the
extremities are always too short from one year to
another.

ANNA MAY.

EDITRESS LADIES' HOME JOURNAL:—I am the
mother of five children, and two-thirds of the
time in poor health. To accomplish my house-
hold duties I am obliged to depend upon outside
help. Contemplating my condition one day, I
decided to visit a neighboring town to see if I
could not there find a faithful, worthy person
willing to work in place of the more ignorant
class of servants who advertise themselves as
competent for all kinds of housework yet good at
nothing. When I returned home I took with
me a black-eyed bright energetic girl of seven-
teen summers, and engaged her for two weeks
only. During that time I studied her carefully
and tested her in various ways, until I became
convinced that she had a goodly amount of
brains, a pious mother and a disposition to do
right, which furnished me a splendid capital towork upon. I engaged her for the season and
life at the farmhouse commenced in real earnest.
The privileges our children had (to a great ex-
tent) were hers. She was made to feel entirely
at home with us and was given to understand by
words and actions that her work was a grand and
noble one and the mission she performed was of
untold wealth. Stimulated by words of com-
mendation and encouragement in society she has
become a thoughtful and careful housekeeper,
one that I can counsel with, and trust in every
position, sets good examples before the children,
and in fact is all that I could desire aside from
perfection. She has been with us past seven
years. I do not write this to hold myself up as a
model housewife by any means, but I do think
and boldly say that there ought to be a change in
the help indoors and out, and cannot see how it
is to be accomplished only as each and every lady
who is obliged to hire put their hands to the
wheel of reform and work bravely. Let every
heart beat, every hand lift, and every voice
heartily respond to the honest and true nobility
of the much-abused calling of housework. When
that class of laborers can feel on equality with
others of different professions, then there will be
stouter hearts and more willing hands. In the
place where I reside and in fact almost every-
where there is a great demand for hired girls. I
can hardly meet a friend or neighbor, but the
question is asked, "Do you know of a good girl?"
and almost invariably the answer is "No." It is
a sad and deplorable truth and I think we as a
class of wives and mothers should place the fact
before our minds that in order to win we must
work.

Yours truly,

MRS. C. A. H.

TO THE EDITRESS AND READERS OF L. H. J.:—
I agree with Ella, in Sept. number, as to the
similarity of such signatures as "John's Wife,"
"Frank's Wife," etc. The question "And who
is John?" is always suggested to my mind. But
in thus criticizing the signatures, I do not de-
precate the letters themselves; on the contrary,
I enjoy the "John's Wife" letters very much.
They are all well written and very sensible—two
good points in any letter. They are just the let-
ters which a mother should write, and I like to
read them, though I am not specially interested
in the subject of babies. But yet, looking that
subtle interest which mothers only have in the
subject, I noticed, in one of the September let-
ters, an expression which I could not bear to see
applied to the little ones. No mother, unless
viewing herself as a cow or sheep and her chil-
dren as so much stock would like to have her
babies summed up under the head of "yearlings."
This, of course must have been uttered in jest,
but one should be chary of such phrases for they
are apt to sound different when read by others.The musical studies I heartily commend. They
are a sort of reinforcement to me. As music is
an absorbing study to me, perhaps I am partial
to this portion of the paper. And what a minute
portion it is! Sometimes I think that the writer
loses some of the precious space allotted to her
by dwelling on what other people will say to her
pupils and the various criticisms they will re-
ceive. The space she thus uses I always be-
grudge, when it might be filled with her practical
instructions; but I think she should not worry
about that, for those who faithfully and earnestly
pursue their studies will never be discouraged by
such criticism.The bench studies I would gladly have six
times as long as they are. This lady does her
duty by us,—every word is to the point,—and she
has my sincere thanks.Indeed, I am much interested in your little
paper, but I would see it better. You know every
one has a scheme for reforming the world and I
have one for improving your paper. If I did not
like it so very much I would not care whether it
improved or not, or if it were a man's paper I
would not care, but I have a great pride in
woman's work, and a feeling that everything
done by woman can and ought to be perfect.We would like to have the Brush Studies longer,
and those who are profiting by the Musical
Studies must regret the meagreness of the space
given to them, and the Mother's Corner we should
like to see extended to something more than a
corner. It is in this way that I wanted to im-
prove the JOURNAL: by giving us more of these
instructive things; and it can be done without
adding another inch to the paper, and, I think,
without increasing its expense. "But how?" I
can imagine some one say, for now I know the
readers are becoming interested. Plainly, there
is but one way, by squeezing something else, and
what that will be, we shall have to consider.
"The Premiums?" No indeed, not the premiums.
"Then perhaps the Advertisements?" No, again;
these are the support of the paper, those are
valuable, not one line will we take from the ad-
vertisements. "What then shall we abolish?"
Ah, I can see the answer already on your lips.
"The Stories!" Yes, the stories, for what use are
they?I hope my sister readers will think about this
subject and write their decisions. I should like
to see the first page turned into a Musical De-
partment, headed by the Studies, occupying two
and a-half or three columns, and the rest musical
letters from any one seeking or giving advice.
Then all the other departments could be enlarged,
and the "Correspondence" too could have more
space. Who would not rather read the warm
living letters from true people than idle stories!I hope you will not think my letter critical, for
it is not meant to be so. I have just put down in
good faith the thoughts which came to me with-
out thinking that they might be received in other
than the same manner. I am sure that if all the
readers wish this change, the editress will con-
sent. It seems to me that in this way our little
JOURNAL could be made as ideal in its character
as it is now in its aim.

IDA BELLE DISERENS.

IDA BELLE DISERENS:—It is with a great deal
of pleasure that the November number of the L.
H. J. is sent to you in its enlarged size, thereby
the better enabling Miss Clarkson to extend her
excellent studies, and give more space to the
answering of any questions our subscribers may
ask her by letter. Our other departments will all
be less crowded than formerly, and we hope our
friends will all feel free to write us on any sub-
ject which interests them. The L. H. J. was
created to help make life easier to young house-
keepers, so many of whom start out with little or
no knowledge for making and keeping house
pleasant. A few practical hints from each sub-
scriber, will if sent to the editress enter thou-
sands of homes, and do much towards smoothing
over the rugged places which every young and
many older housekeepers find a stumbling block.We do not think it advisable to curtail our
stories. They are fully as instructive as other
pages, and in many cases it is the best, and per-
haps only, way to teach a wholesome lesson. Let
us hear from you again.—[EDITRESS.]

A black and white illustration showing a woman and a young child working together at a table. The woman, on the right, is leaning over the table, her hands positioned as if she is shaping or smoothing a piece of clay on a flat surface. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved dress with a full skirt. The child, on the left, is standing on a small wooden stool, also leaning over the table. The child is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark polka-dot pattern and dark shoes. On the table, there is a large, shallow bowl or dish. In the background, to the left, is a wooden shelf or cabinet with various items on it, including what looks like a bottle and some containers. The scene is set indoors, with a simple wall and a window or doorway visible in the background.

move the paper and press again until the spot disappears.

NEW INVENTION!

WHITE'S SELF ADJUSTING

TOASTER and BROILER

The only Toaster or Broiler in the world that enables one to prevent poisons evenly with (close or far from) the fire at will. No smoke or fumes escape into the room while cooking. Big inducements given to Agents. Circulars and special terms to Agents free if you mention this paper.

W. H. T. E. Sole Prop. Danbury, Conn.

WINTER WEAR.

Handsome Fabrics for Stylish Garments—
New Methods of Making and Decorating
Robes—Woolen Laces and Braids—
Millinery.

There are countless numbers of new materials in silk, in wool, or in mixtures, most of them are very elegant, and being rich novelties, they cost accordingly.

Many of the fancy cloths have suggestive names, and are characterized by unusual combinations in checks, stripes, and relief effects in shaggy designs with plain parts. A handsome specimen of the new striped plush, is in green, and shows a half inch wide stripe of plush, alternating with one of cashmere in the same color, the latter being studded with boucle spots of red in curled loops upstanding from the green ground.

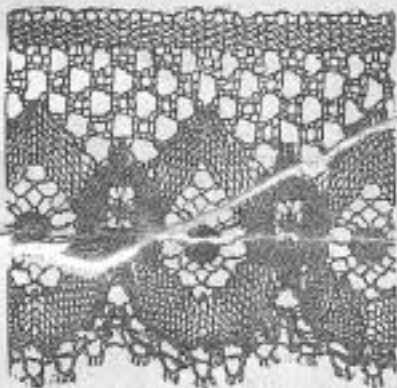
The "Battenberg," another novelty has woolen canvas ground with boucle lines in silk of two contrasting colors. The feathered stripes in all fashionable colors is also new; it comes in plum lead grey, navy blue, claret and dark green, and is to be combined with plain woolen goods.

For jackets a new cloth with shaggy surface, is in grey, crimson, brown and black; it looks something like astrakhan cloth. A velvet with fringe stripes, the fringe being rows of tiny silk loops, standing in relief from the velvet ground, is now used to combine with solid colored velveteen, and it can be found in all the colors of the solid colored fabrics with which it can be made up to advantage.

Velveteen is one of the most popular reasonable priced materials for costumes, and dresses now in fashion; and the specimens exhibited of fall and winter velveteens are certainly very beautiful. The Arcadia velveteen has the silken face finish of Lyons velvet surmounting a more substantial body, hence, while the Arcadia has every appearance of the Lyons, it will wear longer, and retain its good looks for an indefinite period. The Arcadia velveteens come in all the rich, dark colors, the neutral tones, and the tints, so they can be worn for day or evening.

A material suitable to make up with the Arcadia, is a fabric with stripes of spotted plush on velveteen ground, in such mixtures as heliotrope and rose, olive green and hussar blue. Canvas in Oriental brood stripes, surah, plain silk, cashmere, serges, and other silk or woolen goods, are all used with the velveteen.

Woolen lace is considered one of the fashionable finishes for costumes and dresses of woolen or of silk, and any of the materials mentioned; also Khayyam serge, which wears splendidly, can be trimmed appropriately with woolen lace, as shown in our illustration.



Last year the few of these laces shown were imported novelties, which were sold at high prices. Now we have them in domestic brands, and Kurshedd's standard woolen laces are in all colors, black and cream, with woolen nets en suite, by the yard.

One of the most stylish costumes made at home this season is of Khayyam serge in dark green, combined with copper colored surah, and trimmed with woolen lace. It is made after Butterick's model No. 573, which costs 40 cents, and comes in thirteen sizes for ladies, measuring from twenty-eight to forty-six inches bust measure. The skirt of this dress is trimmed at the lower edge with box plaitings, which, with the graceful back drapery, is of the serge. The apron front is also of serge, and the peculiarity lies in the arrangement of folds across the top of skirt, which are allowed to fall down the sides, heading a border of golden copper tinted surah, covered with Kurshedd's woolen lace in the design given. The basque is of serge, with Breton vest of silk covered with lace, cuffs to match, buttons in dark green with embroidery in golden copper.

A striking and exceedingly dressy toilette is entirely American in material and construction; the dress proper is of the splendid wearing Cheney silk in a rich garnet. The front of skirt is made plain and is trimmed with deep vandykes of garnet wool lace, arranged perpendicularly from waist line down to lower edge of skirt. The back widths are made full and plaited; about the lower edge is a band border of the net lace, put on like inserting. A full short apron in front is draped high over the hips, extends down in shawl points to over the band border, where the two shawl ends are finished, on each side, with a bow of garnet ribbons. In the centre back the lace is arranged in deep loops. The silken bodice is entirely covered with lace put on plainly, and the both collar and sleeves are finished with velvet and satin ribbon in the shade of the silk and lace. A very pretty evening dress can be made after this model in cream Cheney silk with lace the same color, or if preferred the lace may be in pink or pale blue. Cream trimmed with scarlet lace is effective.



For the necks of dresses, there are quite a variety of finishes. Linen collars are still popular especially for costumes of cloth, serge, and any of those intended for serviceable wear, in and out of the house. For more dressy occasions ruffles of lace, and pretty ruchings are in favor.

One of the newest ruchings is shown in our design. This is also one of Kurshedd's American creations, a spiral ruching of crepe lace, which comes in white, cream and black, shows a silken thread run through a portion of the upper edge and is decorated with beads, in pearl, or crystal, gold or black. It is sold by all leading merchants for 50 cents a yard.

The new hats and bonnets do not differ materially from those worn in the spring and summer, although some new styles are shown—however the trimmings are very different. Straw hats and bonnets will be worn until December, that is, if they are trimmed with velvet or brocade, plush and canvas. Felt hats are in all the new shapes and colors.

Oriental ribbons in canvas and gros grain, with embroidered fabrics are stylish, and all kinds of feathers are used in great profusion. Ostrich tips are more favored than plumes, and are intermingled with wings and feathers of bright plumaged birds, rendered more brilliant by the application of metallic powder, which comes in all colors, and is very brilliant and sparkles like diamond dust.

A little later bonnets and hats of plush, and fur will be worn, and odd and handsome are the sets consisting of box with muffs attached, and hat or bonnet to match. A neat set of this kind is in astrakhan and velvet, the foundation being velvet, and trimmings consisting of bands of fur, and bows of bright orange ribbon. One stylish set is in brown plush, and another in mouse grey velvet. For traveling, the tweed deer-stalker is very becoming to many faces, and is usually trimmed with a gauze veil matching in hue, twisted round, crossed at the back, brought forward, and tied under the chin—and the new sailor hats no longer have the bows in front, but very much back on the right side, as high up as possible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. D. A. Mitchell, Trenton.—Yes, we could send you the articles you mention, but as you visit New York so often, it would be far better for you to call at H. O'Neill & Co's, 8th Ave. and 20th street, N. Y., where you will find all the braids and woolen laces illustrated in the Metropolitan Fashion Sheet.

"Esther Merideth," Camden.—If not convenient to call, write to Cooper & Conard, 9th and Market Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., for samples of Priestley's silk warp black dress goods. The qualities of jet and blue-black Henriettas, that cost \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75 and \$2.00 are most attractive. The finest grade at \$4.50 is as handsome as any antique satin, and is used for very elegant toilettes, many of them being decorated with hand-paintings in floral designs, and embroidered with variously colored beads, or in jet and plumb, or lead beads.

"R. H. K."—There certainly was some mistake in putting in the circular, and one of last year's issue got in the package, in place of the new circular of information. The house of Sharpless Bros. is one of the oldest and most reliable establishments in Philadelphia, and what they promise they do. Their new method of sending all goods purchased through their mail order department to any part of the United States, by mail, express, or freight, free of cost for transportation, is now generally understood and appreciated. We are always glad to oblige our correspondents, but we would like you to send direct to Dry Goods Houses for samples and for the goods, than to purchase them through us. Sharpless Bros., Chestnut and Eighth Sts., Phila., Pa., will send you a very fine Lupin's cashmere for \$1.00 a yard, which you can make up nicely with brocade like the sample you send.

Mrs. J. W. Clark.—Why not buy your infant's outfit ready made? Get plenty of plain garments for ordinary service, and when you see how baby grows, then get other articles as you need them. You will save money, health, and good-nature by doing so.

Mrs. L. C. B., St. Louis, Mo.—Your letter is just in time to be answered in this issue. Doubtless you can find the Arcadia Velveteen in any leading store in your city. If not, write for samples to Strawbridge & Clothier, 8th and Market Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., who have full lines of the Arcadia Velveteen in rich dark colors, and delicate tints.

"Hattie M."—Yes, we will purchase the article for you, but would rather have you send direct to the establishment advertising it. Ball's corsets are splendid wearing, and fit elegantly.

E. B. C.—There are many styles of corsets now manufactured that might possibly suit you, but if you desire to know what we can recommend to you from personally testing them by constant wear, we must give the Thompson Glove-Fitting Corset the preference to all others. In workmanship they are faultless. For comfort and ease cannot be excelled, and for material used nothing could be better. Thompson & Langdon are large manufacturers in N. Y. city, and if their goods are not on sale in your city, send to them direct at 70 and 72 Worth St., N. York.

Brainard & Armstrong's factory ends, called by them Waste Embroidery Silk, is of the same standard quality, and is in every way equal to that sold by the skein, but it can be bought at a great reduction in price. Send forty cents in stamps, and receive an ounce package of silk, including designs for over a hundred styles of crazy stitches. Goods bearing the name Brainard & Armstrong need no other endorsement, but we speak from personal knowledge when we say that this silk is all that it is represented to be. Brilliant in color, soft in texture and free from rough and knotty particles, it will in every case give entire satisfaction to the purchaser.

Brook's Prize Medal Spool Cotton advertised in this number of the JOURNAL, is one of the oldest brands of American Spool Cotton manufactured. After long years of successful competition it is still considered by many of the largest consumers in our country, to be the best and cheapest of spool cotton. We wish to call particular attention to the price—47 cents per dozen—which is lower than any other standard six cord cotton in the market, and should be an inducement not only to the consumer, but also to the storekeeper. This cotton is made in soft finish to suit those who object to the gloss; and in every case will found uniform in twist, with equality of thickness, and entirely free from knots. Brook's Cotton is for machine as well as hand sewing, and is especially recommended by the Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Co., as an improvement over any other brand. We advise all those who have not already proved its real worth, to give it a trial.

THOMPSON'S PATENT GLOVE FITTING

ARE STILL TRIUMPHANT!

For fifteen years they have steadily gained in favor, and with sales constantly increasing have become the most popular corset throughout the United States. The G quality is warranted to wear twice as long as ordinary Corsets. We have lately introduced the G and H H grades with Extra Long Waist, and we can furnish them when preferred. Highest awards from all the World's great Fairs. The last medal received is for First Degree of Merit, from the late Exposition held at New Orleans. While scores of patents have been found worthless, the principles of the Glove-Fitting have proved invaluable. Retailers are authorized to refund money, if, on examination, these Corsets do not prove as represented. For sale everywhere. Catalogue free on application.

Thompson, Langdon & Co., New York.

50 CENTS Doz

Per BROOK'S SPPOOL COTTON

Ask For THE BEST THREAD FOR ALL SEWING MACHINES.

EXPERIENCED OPERATORS ON ALL SEWING MACHINES RECOMMEND IT.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., 277 & 279 Broadway, N. Y.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

We have a full and complete stock of India Silks, in soft, satiny shades, and unlike any that can be purchased elsewhere. Now in great demand for Sash, Window Curtains, and East Embroideries. Also, just received an invoice of Real Chinese Pineapple Gauzes, plain and in colors, for embroidering. Large invoice of

MIKADO

and Mandarin and Ladies' Robes on exhibition and for sale. Chinese and Japanese Fabrics, including Gold and Silver Brocades, Silks, and Grounds, constantly on hand. Quality and prices guaranteed. Samples mailed on application.

STEIN'S SAFETY STOCKING SUPPORTERS. NO MORE BLOOD-STRANGLING GARTERS. RECOMMENDED BY ALL THE LEADING PHYSICIANS.

PRICES TO SUIT ALL.

Children's one attachment, 6c.	a pair.
Men's " " " "	10c.
Women's " " " "	15c.
Men's, with a belt, " "	15c.
Ladies' " " " "	35c.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS STORES.

LEWIS STEIN, Sole Owner and Manufacturer, 175 CENTRE ST., NEW YORK.

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE

The best cloth has in the world for dress-making purposes. It is sold by the wholesale and retail trade. Samples free.

THE WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich.

LADIES Cut your own dresses by the Bundington Dress Cutting Machine, \$2.00 in use. Awarded gold medal at World's Fair. Agents wanted. Send for circulars. Mention paper.

MR. & MRS. BUNDINGTON, 238 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

WRITING PAPER BY MAIL. Samples free. WARD & GAY, Paper Manufacturers & Stationers, 184 Devonshire Street Boston.

GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM

Of Self-Teaching Penmanship

IS SELLING BETTER THAN EVER!

Nearly 300,000 have been sold since issued. Thousands of people have acquired a good handwriting from it,—hundreds of thousands would gladly buy it if they thought they could make good writers so easily.

SENT POSTPAID TO ANY ADDRESS FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Write for a copy of the PENMAN'S GAZETTE, the finest penman's paper in the world. Specimen copy free.

These pens were first manufactured in small lots for our own and our students' use only. Becoming known among good writers, the demand for them has rapidly increased, until, at present, we send through the mails, postage paid, to all parts of the United States and Canada, over twenty thousand small boxes a year! They are the smoothest-running, the most elastic, and the most durable steel pens ever put on the market.

"Please send me forty-eight (48) boxes more of your Steel Pens. I can get no pens that give such uniform satisfaction to my scholars, that are so smooth and durable."—A. N. PALMER, Teacher of Penmanship, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

"I enclose cash for sixty (60) small boxes of your pens. We think here that they cannot be excelled."—M. H. ADAMS, Cadiz, O.

"There are no pens made that suit us so well as yours. Send by first mail twenty (20) boxes."—W. CHAMPLIN, Teacher of Penmanship, Westbury, E. I.

Put up in handsome quarto-groove boxes. Forty cents for single box, postpaid, or four boxes for \$1.50. Special discounts on larger quantities to bookkeepers and writing teachers.

Address THE G. A. GASKELL CO., Box 1534, NEW YORK CITY.

ARCADIA VELVETEEN

IN COMBINATION WITH THE

ARCADIA WOVEN BROCHE

produces a most stylish effect, and is the best goods of its kind made for Ladies' Dresses.

Costs 1-3 as much as Lyons Silk Velvet, and when made into a dress cannot be told from it. Comes in all shades and most beautiful colors and is warranted to outwear any other velveteen in the market.

It is especially desirable for making up with old material, giving it a new, dressy and finished appearance.

The Razor says: "The ARCADIA VELVETEEN is an improvement upon ordinary velveteen that is sure to be thoroughly appreciated, not only during the coming winter, but for many seasons."

Godley's Lady's Book says: "The ARCADIA VELVETEEN. It is a much sought after for children's costumes and ladies' dinner dresses. Its cost is also an element in its success, as it can be purchased at the same price as ordinary brands."

Sold by all First Class DRY GOODS DEALERS.

DOWN'S PATENT SELF-ADJUSTING CORSET (IMPROVED)

Is the only perfect fitting, truly comfortable and long-lasting Corset made. Has an Elastic Section above and below a Corded Centerpiece. Entirely different from any other. Every Corset Stamped and absolutely Guaranteed in every particular. Be sure to get the Down's Patent. Manufactured only by the Gage-Downs' Corset Co., Chicago, and for sale by first-class dry-goods stores everywhere. Price, \$1.50. Sent post-paid to any address.

HYGIENIC WEAR. (JABOB.) FOR Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children.

Endorsed by leading Physicians and Hygienists in America and Europe. Made with special regard to the influence of clothing on Health. Underclothing, including Combination Suits, Night wear, Hoods, Shoes, Socks, or outdoor wear, with Leggings to reach above the knee for Driving and Walking, replacing Ladies' Skirts, Under Waists, and a variety of other articles for wear to be found in our CATALOGUE, which will be mailed on receipt of Application.

Novelty Woolen Works, Factories, 42 & 44 W. Monroe St., Office, 103 State St., CHICAGO, ILL.

All Underwear made after measure. Special prices to members of the W. O. T. U.

WARREN'S FEATHERBONE

The best cloth has in the world for dress-making purposes. It is sold by the wholesale and retail trade. Samples free.

THE WARREN FEATHERBONE CO., Three Oaks, Mich.

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MR. & MRS. BUNDINGTON, 238 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

WRITING PAPER BY MAIL. Samples free. WARD & GAY, Paper Manufacturers & Stationers, 184 Devonshire Street Boston.

MILDRED'S CLASS IN ENGLISH CONVERSATION.



A bright winter's morning Mildred Green stood before the parlor mirror "putting on the finishing touches" (not upon herself however, but upon the mirror). She had swept and dusted, and scrubbed and scoured and wiped and thought, till she was not only tired, she owned to herself, but cross.

So, when the opening door admitted Sara Tucker, just as Mildred was about to give the final rub, put away the duster and "take a mite of rest," her welcome was not quite as cordial as it might have been under happier circumstances.

"I've come to see if you won't join a French Conversation Class," began Sara. "We haven't any teacher yet, but five of us girls (you'll make six if you join) have thought it would be real nice this winter if we could have a French Conversation Class to meet once a week, now that we have graduated and finished. There's Ida Gleason for one, and Georgia Garrett, Philippa Roland, Edith Stocker and you and I. We thought—"

"French Conversation?" broke in Mildred, "why there isn't one of those girls that can talk good English, to say nothing of myself."

Sara looked a little offended at this bold challenge.

"I don't know what you mean. I'm sure they talk good enough," she answered, rather frigidly.

"I mean what I say," asserted Mildred pug-naciously. "I'm not finding fault with them any more than with myself. We do talk good enough I suppose, as you say, among ourselves for ourselves. We can make ourselves understood and all that kind of thing. But I know that last summer when I was at the hotel one evening I felt like a fool—the people round me, the visitors from the city I mean, were talking and I hadn't a thing to say. They talked about things that I didn't know anything about for the most part, but when it was things I knew about, it sounded different somehow and I know some of them weren't any better educated than I am. Oh, I don't know, I can't tell just where the difference was but it was there, all the same, and I just made up my mind that I'd study something this winter, if I can ever find out just what, so that when I go to New York next spring to visit my Aunt Ellen Dare, she won't feel ashamed of me nor I shan't feel ashamed of myself. I don't want everybody to think I'm countrified because I happen to live in Jersey. I'd like to be able to show them that I can move in society with ease and talk or be eloquently silent with the best of 'em. Now if you'll get up a class in English Conversation, so that we'll pass muster in any society, why I'll join and be glad to," and she arranged one foot comfortably beneath her on the sofa while she tapped the floor vigorously with the other, and swung the feather duster back and forth with a determined expression.

Sara looked a little discomfited by this time but rallied in a moment to say mockingly:

"What do you propose to do?"

"Met I don't propose to do anything but study. I'm going to study something this winter if I die for it."

"O, come, Mildred. Drop your heroics and talk sense. You talk as if we had never been to school, any of us."

"I am talking sense," persisted Mildred, but rather more graciously, a smile beginning to creep around the corners of her mouth.

"Well what do you want? Speak up! Don't be bashful."

"I don't know exactly what I want, but I think that having been educated, I'd like to be cultivated," she answered musingly.

"Oh, you mean you want to be 'cultured,'" laughed Sara derisively.

"Yes, I do," defiantly. "Just because some idiots run the thing into the ground and make asses of themselves, can't make a wrong thing out of a right thing. If I know exactly what I wanted I'd go get it. I wish I knew just what 'cogony' or 'oomy' was wanting in our school. I asked somebody once what was the difference and she said city people had 'repose of manner.' I know enough to know that that isn't what I'm looking for. I know what I'd do," a light breaking over her cloudy countenance, "I had a teacher once when I was twelve years old that I thought the world and all of. I'm not afraid to ask her anything, and I mean to write and tell her all about it. She'll know if anybody does. I tell you what it is, Sara," clasping her hands and leaning eagerly forward, "Let's get up a class for mutual improvement, and I'll write and ask Miss Wilson what book we need to study. I'll write and ask her if there's any guide to conversation. O do! I do so want to talk well."

Quite enthused by Mildred's manner, Sara consented to change the original plan, if the others consented, and the result was a meeting of the six in Mildred's parlor a week later, to open and read Miss Wilson's letter which had arrived the day before, but which, according to agreement was not to be opened till this particular occasion.

"First class in English Conversation stand up and come to order," giggled Ida Gleason.

"Come girls, don't let's have any nonsense now. I'm just dying to know what's in this letter."

"Well, here goes," and the envelope was carefully opened and the letter as carefully unfolded.

"My dear Mildred," began Mildred, her voice a little husky and shaky, while Philippa Roland whispered to Edith Stocker, "Nothing very profound in Miss Wilson's first remark."

Clearing her throat Mildred began again, this time more steadily. All this meant more to her than the others because she had been the prime mover.

"My dear Mildred:—Your letter to me regarding your just having been graduated—"

"Having been graduated!" exclaimed Edith Stocker. "That ain't right."

"Yes, it is! O yes it is!" groaned Philippa Roland, rocking herself backward and forward and setting as if she had the toothache. "Cousin Dick Hosmer blew me up last summer (you know he's a Yale) because I said the other thing. Remember girls we were graduated this summer, we didn't graduate. Go on, Mildred," dejectedly, "if your sweet Miss Wilson is going to fire bomb-

shells into our camp in that style at every turn we may as well strike our colors at once."

"Graduated—graduated—oh yes! here it is—'came to hand five days ago, and my delay in replying to your request to tell you what you 'had better study in order to appear at ease in society' has been caused by reflection necessary to the best answer."

"It depends a little upon what kind of society you propose to enter, but for most kinds I would strongly recommend 'Brown's Grammar'."

"Grammar!" was echoed by five voices in various stages of indignant inflection, while Mildred herself dropped the letter in her lap, too disappointed to speak.

"I can see you open your eyes," she continued, (in response to Philippa's urgent "go on! go on!" she's broken the camel's back. She can't say anything much more humiliating than that. Good gracious! Mildred, what under the sun did you write anyhow! "You study grammar! Your face fairly bristles with exclamation points. Why you have just been graduated and you thought you knew all about grammar—that you had an excellent average at examination—received 100 in fact, etc., etc."

"True, my dear, I am willing to believe all this. Be this as it may, your letter to me betrayed, (no more so than mine out of ten I receive, however) not only deficiencies in rhetoric, but positive deficiencies in grammar itself."

"All this sounds ungracious, but you asked me for honest advice and my advice is honest if nothing else. Good grammarians are scarce I admit, and now that there seems to be among teachers a tendency to leave that most important study until the final year, if not to expunge it from the curriculum altogether, they are likely to be fewer."

"Madame Blank was right in one sense of the word when she told you to cultivate repose and ease of manner, but there is nothing which will cause us to seem as easy in all society as being easy. And there is nothing which will give you this sense of ease as the innate knowledge of an ability to converse creditably upon the topics of the day. A remark that 'we ain't had no rain for better'n a week,' cannot fail to make cold chills run down the back of the average listener 'in society' even though it should be made with the greatest 'ease' possible and with all imaginable 'repose of manner.' If we are conscious that we look as well as the original material will permit, and that we can talk well there will be no doubt about a feeling of ease. By 'talking well' I do not mean, the ability to use stilted phrases or large words (though there is a decided advantage in the latter sometimes) or sentences from foreign languages, but the art of expressing clearly, distinctly, intelligibly, in few words, whatever ideas of knowledge we may possess. Remember that a little knowledge well expressed is worth untellable volumes."

"Now I am going to correct one or two errors in your letter and then I have a proposition to make. Errors in grammar are classed under two heads—vulgar errors and genteel errors. Genteel errors may be defined, I think, as those into which refined, educated people fall, by reason of carelessness or thoughtlessness, when a few moments reflection would tell them that they were absolutely wrong. Vulgar errors are those which are the outgrowth of lack of education. It is to one or two genteel errors in your letter that I am going to call your attention (I do not fear ever to find the other kind) as I feel sure you will be glad to have me do."

"What had we better learn?" you write. Stop right there! Conjugate the verb studying. Good! Of course you know it from beginning to end. Well—was there any tense that began 'I had learn?' No! There was one 'I had learned.' Was that what you wished to say? By no means. You had not learned. You are about to learn. You desire to learn. You would learn if you could. That then is what you need to say. The 'better' is merely an adverb which modifies and equalizes the verb, and cannot possibly alter its mood, tense or form in any way. It modifies the idea, but not the verb that is used to express the idea, and the verb that is incorrect without the 'better' is just as incorrect with it. Do you grasp the idea? Ninety-nine people out of one hundred will say 'I had better go,' 'You had better walk,' when it makes absolutely no sense. So I repeat that 'you would better study grammar.'"

"Dear me, I never thought of that before," interpolated Ida Gleason at this point.

"Nor I, but she's right. I see it now and I don't believe I'll ever forget it, it's so clear," replied Mildred. "Wait a minute it's going to rain and I guess I had better—would better I mean," she corrected blushing in her efforts, amid a chorus of laughter, "bring in the mat before I go any further. If it does I'll be easy then."

"Well now let me see—h'm—h'm—h'm—'would better study grammar,' that's the place and she is about right, I guess."

"In relating a little incident further along in your letter you say 'the sound of horses' feet were heard.'"

"Now I'd like to know what is the matter with that," demanded Sara Tucker rather scornfully.

"My dear, it was with the feet which were heard. You can see a horse's feet but you cannot hear them unless they make some sound. Now the sound was heard. The 'feet' is object of the preposition 'of' not subject to the verb 'were,' don't you see? 'The sound of horses' feet was heard.'"

"Well I suppose she's right again," admitted Sara reluctantly, while Philippa rocked herself backward and forward again, and regarded her companions with pretended commiseration, emitting a doleful sigh from time to time.

"Now I'm not going to correct anything more but I'm going to make my proposition," went on Mildred, without paying any attention to Philippa's antics.

"I believe you really wanted my advice when you asked it and I would like to help you. Obtain some book (it does not need to be anything very deep for this purpose) that is popular. Read it aloud, a little at a time and discuss it among yourselves, being careful to use, even to each other, the very best method of expression of which you are capable. Even should an expression seem to you out of the way or a little stilted, if you know it to be the preferable one, do not be afraid to use it. You will soon grow accustomed to such expressions from yourselves and from each other and you will not notice them especially. Besides this, I should like to hear from you every week, each one of you in turn. You can write me letters or compositions, or essays or merely ask me questions in regard to points about which you are ignorant or perhaps undecided, and I will gladly answer where I can, or point you to the source from which you may obtain the desired knowledge, when I cannot. If my proposition does not seem to you a preposterous one, I shall expect to receive a communication

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BY MARGARET H. HARVEY.

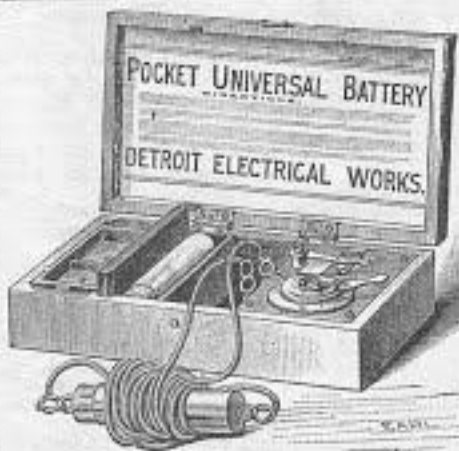


Of course the natural scale is the model for all others. Pick out the common chords in all these. Now, do you not feel somewhat as the blind man did when he exclaimed that he saw—as true

But probably you have not sufficient talent to become a composer, so you must look lower, and content yourself with being, in your own place, a good performer. I was about to say an ordinary one, but the ordinary one is not a desirable model for you to copy, so aim a little higher, and be a fairly good one. The ordinary performer has rather too much self-assurance to please me—he—*for* the ordinary performer, as well as the extraordinary one, is generally a man—boasts a great deal about his gift as a purely natural one, and he despises such small aids as notes. He might just as well talk, like Dogberry, about reading and writing coming by nature—expression of thought or feeling, either by word or sound, is natural, but the conventional mode of expressing thought or feeling, by printed letters or notes, is purely artificial. The ordinary player, also, thinks it very meritorious in him to dash impetuously through a composition, fearless of nothing, except that he may play it precisely as the composer wrote—he smiles superciliously at the "correct" player. Now, it stands to reason that the author of a piece of music knew just how he wanted it—it requires more soul to interpret, sympathetically, the thought of another, than to show off impudently

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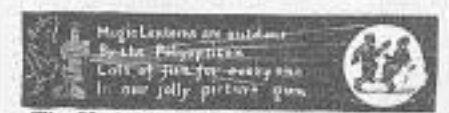
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(FOR THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL)
TALKS ABOUT FLOWERS.

The Cyclamen.

BY EREN E. HENFORD.

This little plant is a favorite with all who grow it, because it is such a cheerful, modest flower, and because, with proper treatment, it can be depended on to furnish a liberal supply of flowers all through the winter, which is more than can be said of a good many kinds which receive a good deal more attention than this plant requires.

As the plant is grown from tubers, if our supply is obtained from a florist, and this tuber is not divisible, if we want to increase our stock we must raise new plants from seed. If this is sown in February or March, in very light fine soil, it will quickly germinate. Care must be taken to keep the soil moist at all times, after sowing the seed, but never wet. On an account must be allowed to get dry, for a little neglect of this kind may ruin all your plants, as well as the plants you hope for. After a leaf or two appears, the bulb begins to form. Let it grow until it is as large as a pea before you attempt to transplant it. When you pot the plants, put them in small dishes. The little thumb-pots for sale by florists are quite large enough for them during the summer. When the weather has become warm and really summer-like, put the plants out of doors in a half-shady place. Keep them from the hot sun, for it will scorch them. I make a little frame of narrow pieces of boards, put coal ashes in the bottom to keep worms from working up to the plants, place my cyclamens and other small plants in it, and fill in about the pots with sand, and keep them there during the summer. The sand holds moisture, and the plants are not so likely to suffer from drying out as they are if not protected about the sides from the warm winds which rapidly draw out all the moisture contained in the small amount of earth these pots hold. The Cyclamen must be well watered through the summer if fine healthy bulbs would be had for winter flowering. If these details are attended to, seedlings can be made to flower well the first season. If neglected, they will not do so. In September, when the approach of cold weather is heralded by frosty or cool nights, the plants should be brought in. At this time, they should be repotted. The most satisfactory soil for them is ordinary garden mold, mixed rather glib with sand, with a little manure from the cow-yard in the bottom of the pot, which should not be a large one, as the roots occupy but little space. In November the plants will be likely to come into bloom. The Cyclamen does better in a moderately cool room than in a very warm one. As soon as the flower-buds appear, it must have a sunny place in the window in order to develop its flowers well. The soil should be kept moist, and the leaves free from dust by a daily sprinkling. Let the water reach the underside of the leaves, as well as the top, for the red spider will be pretty sure to take up his habitation there, if there is a prospect of exemption from moisture. If the green fly appears, wash the leaves in tobacco water. When the flowers fade, remove them. If you want plenty of blossoms, do not allow seed to ripen. Next year, put the bulb out of doors, through the summer, to keep it from drying up, but not giving water enough to encourage growth. Old bulbs will give hundreds of flowers during the winter if properly taken care of. We have many more showy flowers, but few more satisfactory ones for the sitting-room window.

THE BOUVARDIA.

A correspondent complains that she cannot make cuttings of the Bouvardia root in the ordinary way, "or any other way." This can be done, though the usual way to propagate the plant is by division of the roots, or by root cuttings. Its branches are broken from the plant before they become woody, and are put in clear sand, and covered with glass, they will generally root, but not as readily as most other plants. Where bottom-heat can be given, it is not at all a difficult matter to root slips. But the easiest and best way is to obtain a piece of root containing an eye, or bud for a sprout. Put this in sandy soil, keep it moderately moist and in a sunny place, and it will soon begin to grow. The Bouvardia is a beautiful plant for winter use if it can be kept warm enough, and the temperature can be kept tolerably even. In ordinary living rooms, in which the temperature falls considerably at night, it should be given a place half way up the window, and not on a level with Geraniums and such plants. Great care must be taken to keep the Bouvardia free from red spiders and scale bugs. Water applied all over the plant daily will keep the former down, and "hand-picking" with a darning-needle or some similar instrument, will keep the other from injuring the plants, if persevered in.

FALL PRUNING OF SHRUBS.

Roses and other shrubs which produce flowers on the early growth which they make in spring, can be pruned now, or this can be attended to in spring before growth begins. But Lilacs and other shrubs which bloom from buds this season should not be pruned in fall, for by doing this you destroy a portion of the crop of flowers. The proper time to prune such plants is immediately after they have done blooming. I speak of this because very many persons are in the habit of pruning their shrubbery in fall, and some of them do not think of the difference in the habit of many plants. The Rhododendron, the Lilac, the Camellia, the Azalea, and many other plants, form the buds during the summer and fall, from which next season they will produce flowers. To cut back the branches of such plants now would destroy the buds, and the plants would not flower next season. The same season's growth, therefore these shrubs can be pruned safely in fall.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. Van D.—The Lady Washington Geranium is not a winter bloomer. It blooms in May and June. It is a beautiful flower but requires more careful treatment than the ordinary Geranium.

J. H. T.—The best white-flowered shrub for conservatory use, all things considered, is Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora. It is a most profuse late bloomer, is as hardy as any plant I know of, and requires very little care. You can procure it of any florist who sells shrubs. It grows to a height of four or five feet, and spreads considerably when in bloom, the branches being laden with the weight of the flowers. These are an ivory white at first, and are small, individually, being borne in immense panicles; after a time they become tinged with pink, and gradually assume a greenish color, very much the same as the old Hydrangea otzaka has the habit of doing. I have a six year old plant on which this year we counted over two hundred clusters, and some of these clusters were ten inches in length, and eight across.

MONTPELIER, VT., Sept. 9th, 1885.

DEAR MRS. KNAPP:—In answer to "Ignorance" I would say that I have found that two-thirds good woods dirt and one-third sand the best to root Heliotrope slips (or any other slips), and to cover with a tumbler as soon as placed in the pot and keep covered until rooted or they will wilt and the leaves drop off and leave a stick. I put mine in a window where they got the sun all the afternoon, but I found I could not root a Bonvardia that way or any other way, and if some sister will please tell me how I will be very thankful, and also the best way to root a Bonvardia. I have rooted a leaf in water but it takes so long, and if Cyclamen seed sown the first of March will blossom the coming winter, what kind of soil they need and what light. I have just had one given me that was raised from a seed sown last March and it is very small, and I don't know what to do with it to make it grow and blossom this winter, and I wish very much to have it as I think them very pretty. DAISY.

Ferris Bros., manufacturers and patentees of the Good Sense Corset Waist, deserve the commendation and patronage of every mother in the land. This waist is a grand improvement over the stiff case of bones and steel, called corsets, which ruin the form and seriously impair the health of so many growing girls. Soft, pliable, and fitting the figure perfectly, these waists can be worn by the most delicate ladies, and if once they are tried, our little girls will never wear any other. We know from our own personal experience the beauty and convenience of the Good Sense Waist, and wish for the health and comfort of the rising generation, that every woman and growing girl in America know and would prove the advantages of this complete little garment. These waists are for sale by all first-class retail merchants, or will be sent, by Ferris Bros., to any address on receipt of order and postage.

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John Anderson, my Jo John,
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On every washing day, John,
I wearied of my life.
It made you cross to see, John,
Your shirts not white as snow,
I washed them with our home-made soap,
John Anderson, my Jo.
Ah! many a quarrel then, John.
Had you and I together,
But now all that is changed, John,
We'll never have another;
For washed with IVORY SOAP, John,
Your shirts are white as snow,
And now I smile on washing day,
John Anderson, my Jo.

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